

The Sketch

No. 1085.—Vol. LXXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



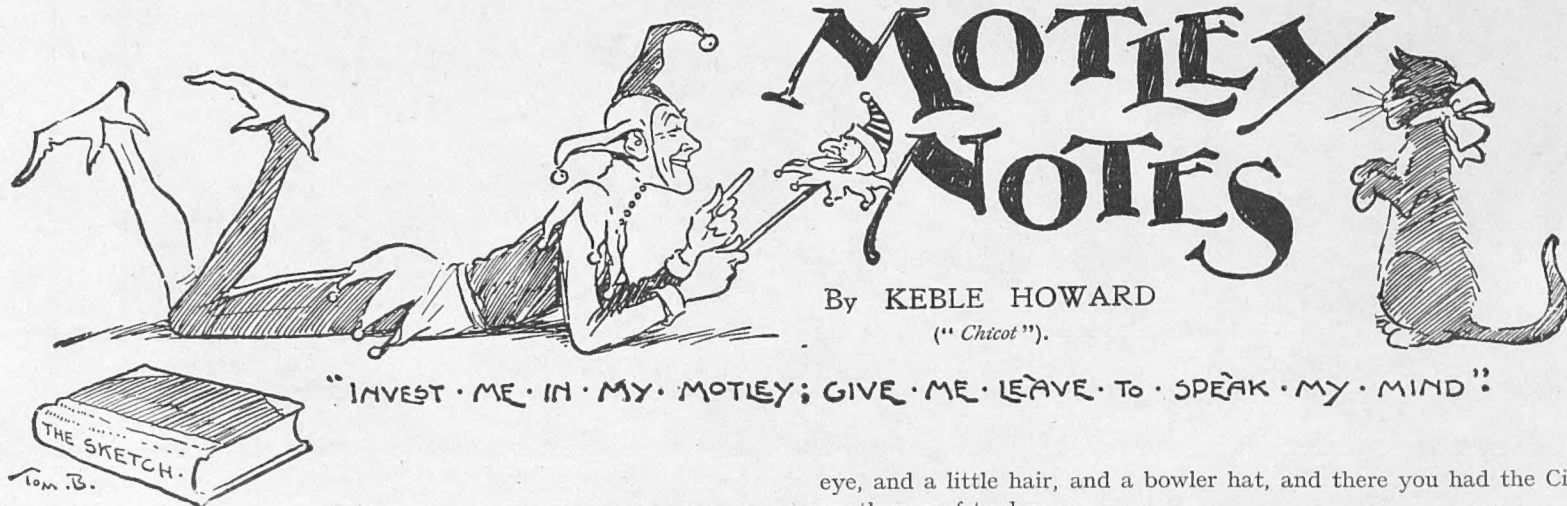
WHY WORRY ABOUT HOME RULE AND THE LAND QUESTION WHEN YOU CAN LEARN THE TANGO ?

A STEP FROM THE CRAZE-DANCE OF THE MOMENT.

Everybody's doing the Tango, learning the Tango, talking the Tango, or watching the Tango. Never, perhaps, has a dance become of such universal interest so quickly—despite "A Peeress" and others, who deem it negroid—and partly, perhaps, because of the publicity they gave it. As all our readers no doubt know, the dance went to the British ball-room from the stage, as it went also to the restaurant. To the British stage it came, by way of the Continent, from the Argentine, of which it is a 400-year-old

national dance. It may be added, by the way, that the original dance has at least two hundred steps; for ball-room purposes about five-and-twenty are all that is necessary. As a second "by the way," let us say that the Tango-tea may be said to have invaded even the Prussian Parliament, which is not, as a rule, given to lightness of heart—or of feet. All of which is to say that the other day the wife of the President of the Diet lent her official apartments to the hosts of a Tango tea.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



The Talent for Loving.

are so few of them.

"If only the Romeos and Juliets of life—those people capable of passion—had married, probably the world could not have gone on, for there But, then, people with only a mediocre talent for loving marry and get along very well."—MISS CICELY HAMILTON.

I read this extraordinary expression of opinion with amazement. It is a marvellous feat to crowd so many mistakes into so few words. Let us examine into one or two of these mistakes.

Miss Hamilton appears to think that the world could not go on if the world was not peopled. I can find no reason, no support in science, for this belief. The world, it is true, supports the human race, but what has the human race done for the world? Do we make the sun to shine, or the moon to rise, or the tides to ebb and flow, or the forests to grow, or the rivers to run, or the rain to fall? Does Miss Hamilton really imagine that the world cares one jot for the little creatures on two legs who run up and down making a mess of the surface? Does she really think that houses, and railways, and steamboats are necessary to the perpetuation of the world? Perhaps, however, I am taking a mean advantage of the lady. Perhaps she spoke hastily to the interviewer, and said "the world" when she meant "the human race."

Romeos and Juliets.

It would be unfair and ungracious, therefore, to labour the point. We will leave it, and pass on to another statement. "There are so few of them." Miss Hamilton means that there are so few people in the world who can love with the passionate ardour of Romeo and Juliet. There is no doubt in this case as to her meaning, and we shall be quite in order to ask her, in reply, how she came by this knowledge. How can she possibly know whether even her most intimate married friends are Romeos and Juliets or not?

Miss Hamilton may reply: "I know they are not Romeos and Juliets because they are too humdrum, too ordinary. I can tell from their faces, from their conversation, from their habits."

In other words, they are not for ever speaking in blank verse to or about each other; they are not for ever flinging their arms about one another in public; they do not die for each other. Well, it is true that Romeo and Juliet died for each other, but why? Because they made a dreadful blunder of the whole business. In modern times, lovers still die for each other, but deliberately, with their eyes open. And how does Miss Hamilton know, I wonder, that there are not millions of lovers who would die for each other if the necessity arose? Has she forgotten that beautiful episode on the *Titanic*, when a lady preferred to die with her husband rather than get into a boat and live without him? "We have lived together; we can die together," were her words. Great ships do not founder every day in mid-ocean, thank heaven, but, when they do, heroism arising out of great love is always discovered.

The Same Old Race.

It is idle, then, I think, to talk, with something rather like a sneer, of "people with only a mediocre talent for loving." Such an expression seems to me to betray a lack of depth, a lack of knowledge, a lack of understanding. Humanity does not change very much in a few poor thousands of years. I saw the other day the skull of a man considered by geologists and physiologists and all the other learned people to be not less than twenty thousand years old. You had but to put a little flesh on that skull in your mind's

eye, and a little hair, and a bowler hat, and there you had the City gentleman of to-day.

Do not, friend the reader, allow yourself to feel snubbed, therefore, when clever ladies talk of your mediocre talent for loving. I have little doubt that you are, in your habit as you live, and as the case may be, a Romeo or a Juliet—with, perhaps, a little more humour than those luckless young people possessed.

Hatless Women.

A certain vicar objects to the sight of women without hats, even at the seaside, and has, as usual, quoted St. Paul in support of his theory that it is unseemly for women to appear in the open in public without hats. For my own part, I should be very sorry if girls and women felt compelled to wear hats on all occasions in the open air, and I am glad to be able to assure them, therefore, and with the greatest reverence, that the worthy vicar has misinterpreted St. Paul. St. Paul did not say that women should not appear in public unveiled. What he did say was this: "But every woman *praying or prophesying* with her head unveiled dishonoureth her head; for it is one and the same thing as if she were shaven." He then goes on to explain that the head-covering is a sign of authority—a sign that the woman is not the same as the man. A little later, he clearly shows that, for ordinary occasions, a woman's hair is quite sufficient covering for her head. "Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair, it is a dishonour to him? But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her: for her hair is given her for a covering."

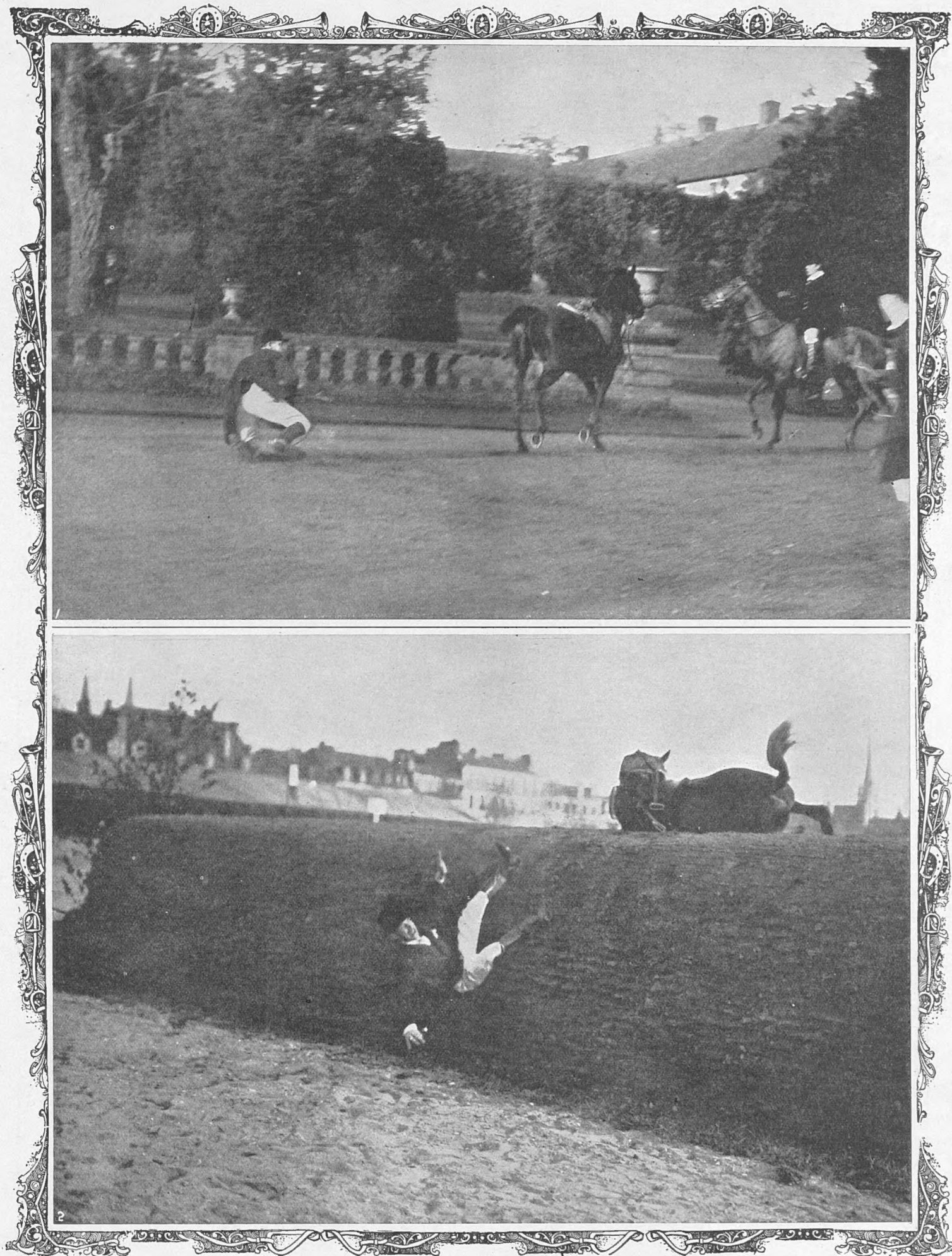
One newspaper quoting the vicar's words seems a little doubtful as to the place where St. Paul leaves off and the vicar begins. It places the sacred words and the modern words in the same set of "quotes," and thus confusion may arise in the minds of its readers, just as confusion seems to have arisen in the mind of the vicar. In these days, people are so fond of quoting the Bible that I often think it a pity that they do not read it a little more carefully. The vicar in question, I am sure, reads his Bible with the utmost care. In his case, it is in the interpretation of the passage that, I submit with all respect, he has gone wrong.

Long Live the Tango!

The craze for the Tango is a good sign and a healthy sign. I think it splendid, although I know nothing whatever about it, that English people should hurl themselves into a dance which, as they know very well, they will never be able to dance until they have died, and been buried, and born again in another clime. The good old British pluck, the fine old British bull-headedness, has not deserted us. We want to dance the Tango, and so dance it we will, whether our limbs are stiff or supple, our blood hot or cold! That is the cry, and an excellent cry too! I am quite sure, if I saw the Tango being danced, I should dash into the midst of the fray, well knowing that I am just about as far from being a South American negro as it is possible to be.

There is just one little point in connection with this Tango business on which I should like to caution the ardent Tangoists. You are in danger, dear ladies and gentlemen, of taking the dance just a shade too seriously. Take it as fast as you like or as slow as you like; stamp the floor or caress the floor; dance it with your mouths open or your mouths shut; lie down and roll over, if you like; whoop, yell, grind your teeth, or snap your fingers: do any or all of these things, but do not, I beg of you, go to and fro with the idea written all over your pretty little faces that it matters a dish-clout whether you do the thing correctly or whether you don't. Because, believe me, you don't.

FALLS: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF SPILLS.



1. LEFT BEHIND! A FOLLOWER THROWN.

2. FRIENDS, YET DIVIDED! A RIDER FALLS IN A STEEPLECHASE ABROAD.

On various occasions we have given in "The Sketch" remarkable snapshots of falls in the hunting-field, during steeplechases, and during point-to-points—reproductions made possible not only by the ingenious Press photographer's knack of being on the right spot at the right moment, but by the excellence of the modern camera. We here add two to the collection.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Jacques.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



LORD SANDWICH—FOR REMOVING THE CAMELIUS HUMP WITHOUT A SURGICAL OPERATION.

Lord Sandwich said recently that he did not pretend to medical science, but he had cured many people by mental suggestion. — "The Invisible Man," based on the story by H. G. Wells, is being played at the Coliseum. The Invisible Man baffles policemen who try to arrest him. — A novel golf match took place the

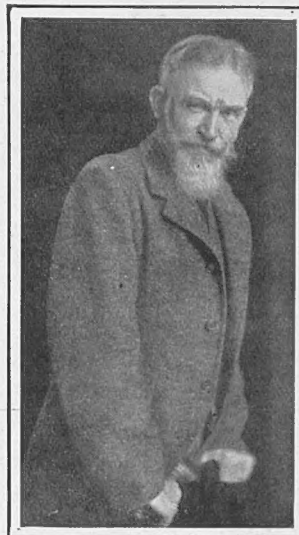


THE INVISIBLE MAN — FOR SHOWING US A NEW WAY OF ELUDING THE POLICE.



MR. J. J. H. MACKINLAY—FOR PLAYING GOLF WITH A FISHING-ROD AND KEEPING A GOOD LINE.

other day at Wellington, between Mr. Rupert May and Mr. J. J. H. Mackinlay, who played with his fishing-rod instead of clubs, making casts with a 2½-oz. weight. Mr. May won. The Bishop of Kensington's letter on morality in the music-halls elicited a reply from Mr. Bernard Shaw.



MR. BERNARD SHAW—FOR INSTRUCTING A BISHOP IN MORALITY.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, and J. Craig Annan.



MR. J. FOSTER STACKHOUSE—FOR SAYING ABRITON SHOULD SURVEY A LAND NAMED AFTER A BRITISH KING.

Mr. J. Foster Stackhouse is to lead a new British Antarctic Expedition next year to survey King Edward VII. Land, in fulfilment of a promise he made to Captain Scott. "It would be rather a poor job," Mr. Stackhouse has said, "if it were left to foreign explorers to survey a land named after a British King." — The Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton, and Chaplain of the Actors' Church Union, has arranged with Mlle. Gaby Deslys to produce his play, "Should a Woman Tell?" in the United States. In a sermon at his church, he described his meetings with her, and said: "Mlle. Gaby Deslys is a nice, unaffected, good woman." — Yuan Shi-Kai has taught the heads of governments how to deal



THE REV. A. J. WALDRON — FOR RECOGNISING THAT GABY IS "A NICE, UNAFFECTED, GOOD WOMAN."



YUAN SHI-KAI—FOR HIS SHORT WAY WITH M.P.S WHO ONLY PASS PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.



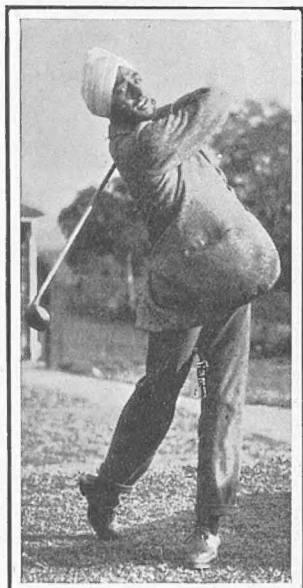
MR. LEWIS F. MUIR—FOR BEING THE FIRST KING (OF RAG-TIME) TO APPEAR ON THE HALLS.

with refractory legislators. Finding Parliamentary progress impeded by the Kuo Ming Tang party, numbering over three hundred members, or more than a third of the House, he adopted the simple expedient of expelling them. They had done nothing for two years but vote themselves salaries on a liberal scale. — Mr. Lewis F. Muir, "the Rag-time King," arranged to make his first appearance in England at the Hippodrome on Nov. 10, and to render his "Hitchy Koo" and "Waiting for the 'Robert E. Lee.'" — Mr. G. K. Chesterton had his first play, "Magic," produced at the Little Theatre on Nov. 7. To an interviewer he said: "The Patricia Carleen of my comedy I do not understand in the very least."



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON—FOR NOT UNDERSTANDING THE WOMAN CHARACTER IN HIS OWN PLAY.

Photographs by L.N.A., Sport and General, Record Press, C.N., and J. Craig Annan.



MR. H. S. MALIK—FOR NOT TAKING OFF HIS HAT ON THE LINKS.

Mr. H. S. Malik, a young Indian who is up at Balliol, played golf for Oxford against the Sunningdale Club the other day, and beat a scratch man, Mr. A. Tindal Atkinson. Mr. Malik always wears a white turban on the links. Mr. Atkinson offered to play him in a topper. — The Earl of Durham and



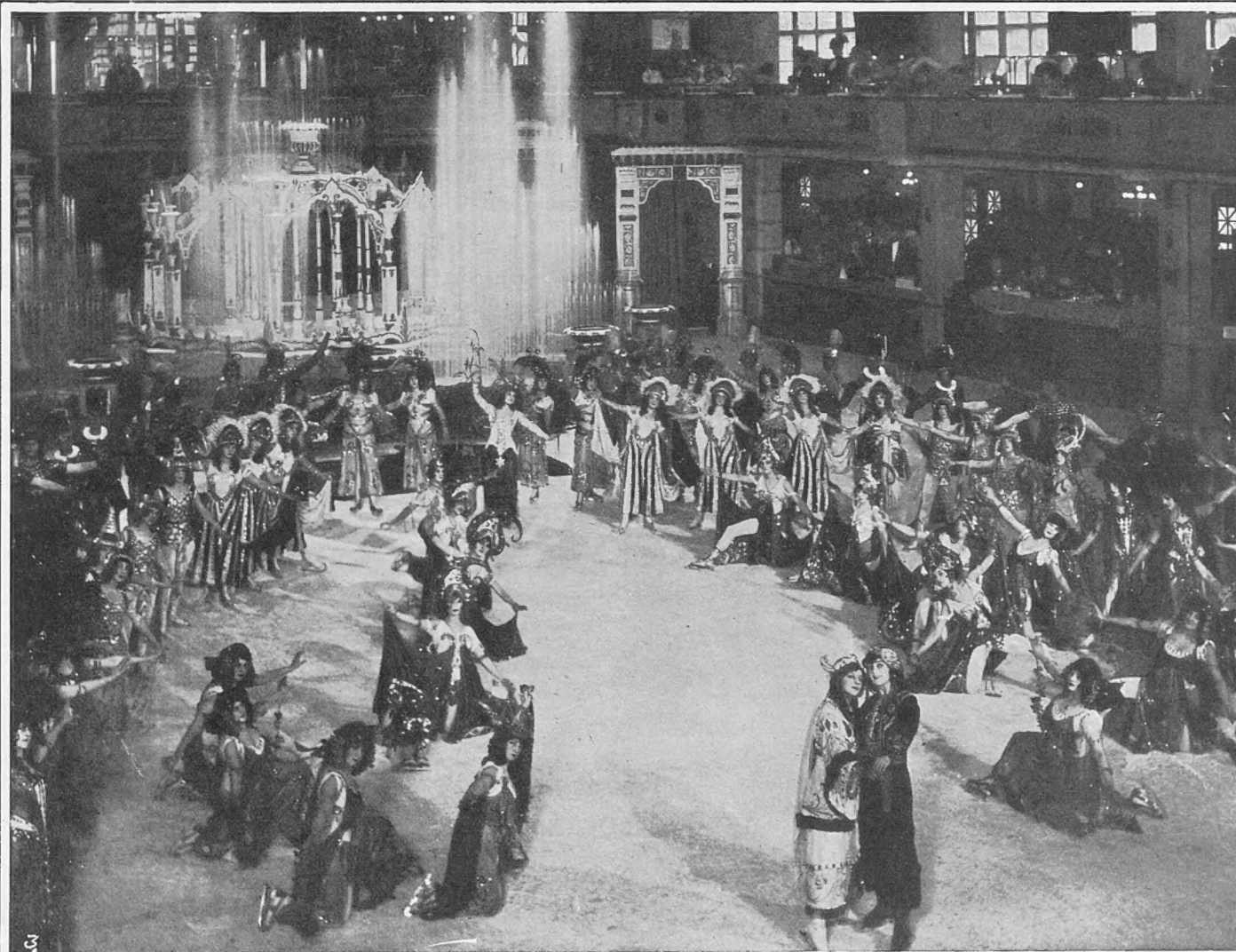
LORD DURHAM, THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, AND MR. BALFOUR—FOR BEING ABLE TO "KEEP SMILING" ON AN ACADEMIC OCCASION.

Mr. Balfour the other day received honorary degrees at Durham. The Duke of Northumberland is a member of the Senate of the University. — Sir Francis Vane is to be the Commander-in-Chief of the new Suffragette Army. — [Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and C.N.]



SIR FRANCIS VANE—FOR BEING G.O.C. OF THE W.S.P.U.

REAL-NICE ON REAL-ICE: A BALLET ON SKATES.



1. AS LIVING TOYS: MISS ELLEN DALLERUP AS PIERROT, AND MISS CHARLOTTE OELSCHLÄGEL AS A DOLL IN "THE MERRY DOLL" SPECTACLE.

2. MAX AND MORITZ, THE TYPICAL GERMAN NAUGHTY BOYS, AND A TOP-HATTED WORTHY: THREE BIG-HEAD GROTESQUE FIGURES IN "THE MERRY DOLL."

3. BALLET AND SPECTACLE ON REAL ICE: A TABLEAU IN "DIE LUSTIGE PUPPE" ("THE MERRY DOLL"), IN THE ADMIRALSPALAST, BERLIN.

"The Merry Doll," a spectacle, all the performers in which are on skates, move on real ice, and represent toys, is a great success at the Admiralspalast, Berlin. Of Miss Charlotte Oelschlägel, more often called "Little Charlotte," it may be said that she

has caused a stir amongst the public for something over three years, although she is still in her early teens. As a dancer on the ice, she gains much well-deserved applause. Doubtless certain of the costumes will be adopted by roller-skaters for their carnivals.

Photographs by Willinger.

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THE OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW.

OUR SECOND SUPPLEMENT.

IN our Supplement last week we dealt with a number of the
principal exhibits at the Motor Show, which opened at Olympia
last Friday, but, as those who have been there on these
occasions will realise, it was not possible to treat the subject ex-
haustively. This week, therefore, as last year, we are giving a
second Supplement, covering a further selection of important
exhibits, with illustrations and expert descriptions. Even so, of
course, considerations of space have made it necessary to omit
many items of interest, but the two Supplements, taken together,
give a useful summary of the things to be seen on the stands which
chiefly arrest the visitor's attention. As the writer of our article
points out, "full equipment is assuredly the keynote of the
Exhibition of 1913. On all hands are found automobile manu-
facturing firms putting cars complete for the road upon the market
at a round figure." It is noteworthy, too, at what comparatively
low prices many of these fully equipped cars are now offered.
Another interesting feature of the Show is the wealth of ingenious
accessories which are on view in the Gallery. In truth, the way
of the motorist is made easy nowadays, compared with what it was
ten or fifteen years ago.

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BRIGHTON AS A "CURE" TOWN: THE FATE OF OLD FLAGS: THE AMERICAN AND MEXICAN FORCES.

A Brighton Kurhaus.

I spent a Sunday lately at Brighton, and found that the talk of the town was all about a great Kurhaus which a party on the Municipal Council propose should be built to replace the Aquarium, which has been the Council's white elephant for a good many years. A

were given to the corps. No doubt Sir James Duff, the officer into whose hands the old colours of the "Fighting Half-Hundred" were thus confided, thought that flags, like men, should be put under the earth when worn out; but the present custom of giving the old flags of regiments into the charge of the clergy of the town with which a regiment is associated, to be hung in the cathedral or the parish church, is the better way, its only drawback being that, if a church is damp, the silk of the old flags crumbles away. The United Service Institute, which occupies the banqueting-house in Whitehall, and the Armoury at the Tower, and the great hall and chapel of Chelsea, are resting-places for many of the old flags of distinguished regiments, and quite a small industry in needlework has been developed in the repair of the old colours which hang in these public buildings.

The Coming Mexican Campaign.

It is one of the strange freaks of fate that the Governments most anxious to establish universal peace throughout the world are generally those which are, against their will, pushed into war. English history has numerous examples of this. It looks as though President Wilson and his Ministry in Washington, to whom war is an almost unthinkable crime, will have to bring Mexico to order by force of arms. The scheme of an almost bloodless campaign has, I read, been drawn up; but it is generally the campaigns which are expected to be mere walk-overs which are most fruitful in disagreeable surprises and regrettable incidents



ABOLISHED, AS IT HAD DEGENERATED INTO A BATTLE WITH NUMEROUS CASUALTIES: THE FLAG-RUSH AT THE CINCINNATI UNIVERSITY.

A correspondent describes the above photograph as: "Flag-rush . . . between first-year students and upper-grade scholars, in which more than fifty students were so severely injured that the contest was stopped and for ever abolished. The first-year students placed their class-emblem, a small flag, on top of the pole. Upper-grade students endeavoured to capture it by overpowering the first-year students. The contest was held annually as a friendly scuffle."—[Photograph by Fleet.]

deputation had been to Germany, and had looked at, amongst other kurhauses, that of Wiesbaden, which is the most gorgeous building of its kind that I know anywhere. This Wiesbaden palace has two concert-halls—one a large one and one a comparatively small one; and its reading-rooms and writing-rooms and conversation-rooms are beautiful with many-coloured marbles and inlay and statues. It has two restaurants—one a wine-restaurant and the other a beer-restaurant; and there are two band pavilions, one on either side of the little lake which is just behind the Kurhaus. The Kaiser, when it had just been built, came to Wiesbaden, making a journey simply to open this great palace.

The Wiesbaden Baths.

Wiesbaden quite appreciates what an attraction its Kurhaus is, and it charges visitors a shilling each time they enter its doors. There is for people who stay for any length of time at Wiesbaden a Kur-tax, the payment of which, I believe, gives entrance to all the public buildings of the town. This Kur-tax, levied at all German and Austrian watering-places, takes, to a certain extent, the place of the profit French towns of baths derive from the "cagnotte" of the baccarat clubs in the Casinos. Brighton, however, will not be able either to levy a Kur-tax or to establish a baccarat club in George the Fourth's old pavilion, which any Frenchman would recognise at once to be the beau-ideal of a gaming-house. The advocates of a Kurhaus for Brighton propose that an elaborate establishment of baths should be contained in the building, and that Brighton should become a "cure" town, and not, as it is now, an "after-cure" town. A tall building, such as a Kurhaus on the Wiesbaden model would have to be, would shut out the cliff view from a great part of Brighton; and as the estimated cost of the building is at least £150,000, many of the ratepayers feel inclined to button up their pockets until they can see prospective profits from the new plan.

An Old Pair of Colours.

The buried and decayed colours of the 50th, which have just been dug up in the garden of a Sussex house, are a proof of the foolishness of the custom which made the old colours of a regiment the property of the Colonel commanding that regiment when new ones

America's Army.

America's Regular Army is a very small one—some 65,000 men in all—and the expeditionary force that she can send to capture Mexico City would number about 40,000. General Huerta is about to raise the Mexican Army to 150,000 men. The half-million American Volunteers and Milita who would be employed on the northern border would, no doubt, include all the wild spirits of America who love fighting for fighting's sake. The organisation of America's Irregulars

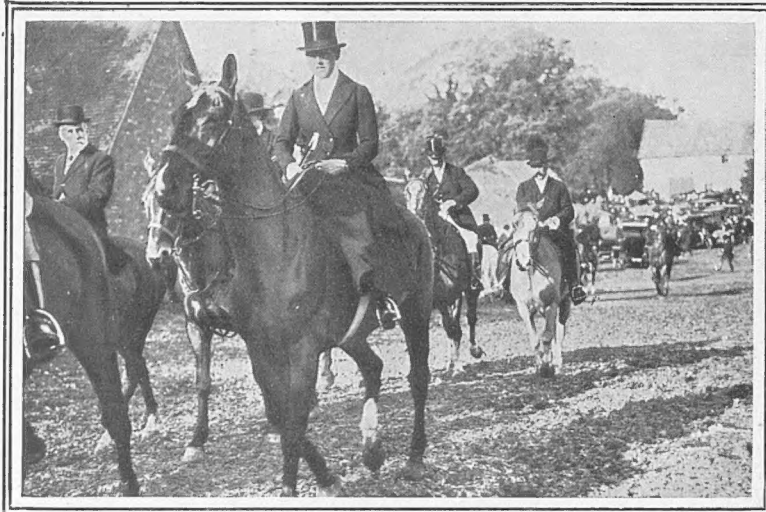


A REJECTED CANVAS IN THE PICTURE-GALLERY OF THE STREETS: "LA JUSTICE À TRAVERS LES SIÈCLES."

M. Jean Galiani, whose work was refused last year by the Salon des Indépendants, has had his most recent work, "Justice Through the Centuries," rejected. This has decided him to appeal to Caesar, in the person of the people of Paris; and he has had his picture drawn through the streets on a hand-barrow, to the interest of the crowd.

Photograph by Photopress.

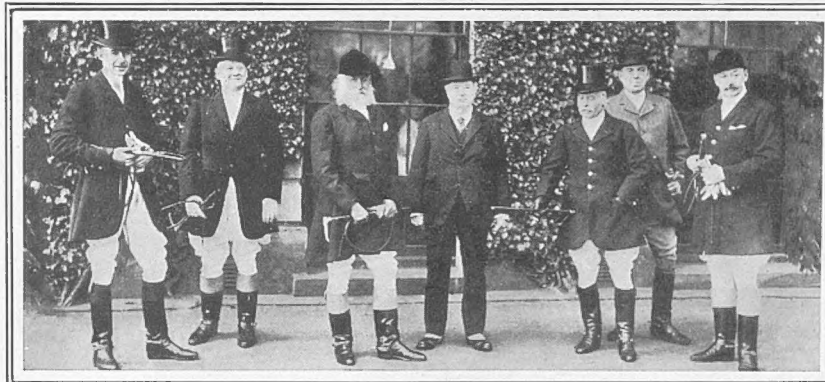
would, however, be a matter of some time, for it is in the memory of all soldiers how very long it took to organise the force with which America invaded Cuba.



WITH THE WHADDON CHASE: LADY MALDEN.

Lady Malden, wife of Viscount Malden, son of the Earl of Essex, was formerly Miss Mary Stewart Freeman. She is the daughter of the late Mr. William R. Stewart Freeman, of The Manor House, Wingrave, Bucks.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

THE Queen comes to town with a considerable list of desiderata, but her immediate concern has been with needle-work guilds, with clothes for the poor, and with dresses for dolls—also for the poor. Many of her own Christmas presents are still to buy, and her real work as a shopper will be accomplished with Princess Mary at the beginning of next month. But her Majesty, even if she is not at present engaged in making her choice, is by no means behind-hand. Although there are purchases to be made in December, she already has a store of gifts, for it is her habit to buy, no matter where, when the chance offers. In Germany a little while back, in Scotland, even, during the holidays, and all during the year among the water-colours of Bond Street, she bears her friends in mind. In the picture-galleries, especially, she buys with the judgment



THE OPENING MEET OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S FOXHOUNDS, AT RUDDINGTON GRANGE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

In the centre is the veteran Earl of Harrington with Sir T. Birkin, at whose house the hunt met. On the left is Colonel Birkin, D.S.O., Joint Master. His Lordship, who is the eighth holder of the title, was born in January 1844, and succeeded in 1881. In 1869, he married the Hon. Eva Elizabeth Carrington, daughter of the second Lord Carrington.—Sir Thomas Birkin, first baronet, was one of the original officers of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Notts and Derbyshire Regiment (Robin Hood Rifles), and is a director of the Great Northern Railway Company and of the Mercantile Steamship Company. Colonel Richard Leslie Birkin is his third son, and won the D.S.O. in South Africa.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

of an expert. "I regard the Queen as one of the best judges alive," was the verdict of a famous dealer after an interview, and probably a profitable one, the other day.

Edward Montagu, Lord Sandwich, whose

"cures" filled the posters the other day, has faith in many things besides unprofessional healing. He believes in the younger generation, in England, the Army, and, at the same time, in the forces of revolution. On his re-election, two or three years ago, to the chairmanship of the Huntingdonshire County Council, he said he would only accept

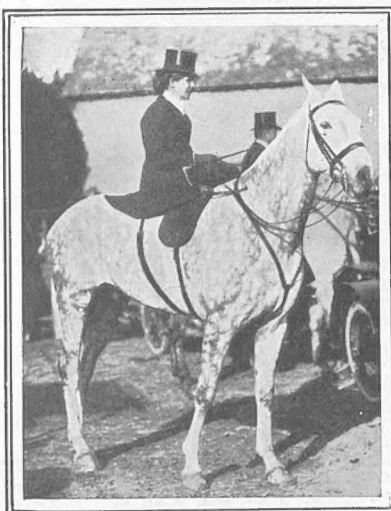
the appointment if his name, Edward Montagu, as well as his title, was included in the nomination. In these days of class conflict, he argued, one did not know what might happen within the twelve months. But he draws no class distinctions in his cures. At University College the other day he said that he had attended people in palaces, cottages, hospitals, and homes: his patients included a Hindu monk in his monastery, a Mohammedan in his mosque, and a Hindu princess.

Another symptom of Lord Sandwich's uneasiness as to the condition of the country, or its rising scale of taxation, was his anxiety some little time back to pass over to his nephew the bulk of his estates while there was yet time to enjoy them. That faith-healing is feasible for a bullet-wound or a sabre-cut is part of his belief, but he has less experience in the cure of the democracy's sores. By tradition and pedigree, Lord Sandwich is a true-blue aristocrat. The fourth Earl looked only to the Throne for his miracles, and the Court physicians for his prescriptions. He it was who capped the boastful toasts of the French and Spanish nobles at a dinner of plenipotentiaries at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1746. The Frenchman gave, "My royal master, the sun who illuminates the world"; the Spaniard followed with, "My royal master, as bright as the moon"; Lord Sandwich said, "My royal master, the Joshua who caused both sun and moon to stand still."



WITH THE BELVOIR: THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

The Duchess of Newcastle was formerly Miss Kathleen Candy, and is a daughter of the late Major Henry Augustus Candy.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]



WITH THE WHADDON CHASE: MRS. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.

Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, who was married in 1881, was Miss Marie Perugia, daughter of Mr. A. Perugia, of Trieste.—[*Photo by Sport and General.*]



WITH THE WHADDON CHASE: LADY MARY FITZMAURICE, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ORKNEY.

Lady Mary is the only daughter of the Earl of Orkney, and was born on Feb. 26, 1903. *Photograph by Topical.*

DANCERS OF THE EMPIRE MISS MAUD ALLAN WILL VISIT.



SHOWING THEIR FULL DRESS : INDIAN DANCING - GIRLS WHO PERFORM IN PUBLIC.

In view of the fact that Miss Maud Allan is about to dance in India, despite the belief of certain bishops and others that, being a white woman, she should not do so, this photograph of Indian dancing-girls who perform in public has special interest. In a letter, the other day, Miss Maud Allan, writing from West Wing, Outer Circle, Regent's Park, on the eve of her departure for India, said: "After close consideration of the matter it became clear to me: (1) That the agitation was based on an entire misconception of my methods; (2) That the majority of my critics had never seen my performances; and (3) That the Indian Government had not in the past prohibited

dancing by white women in India, and apparently had no objection or intention of prohibiting such dancing in the future. I may add that I do not propose to give the 'Vision of Salomé' in India. . . . I came to the conclusion that if I abandoned my tour in deference to the wishes of some Anglo-Indians my motives would very probably be misconstrued, and that the impression left on the public mind would be that Maud Allan and Maud Allan alone was banned from exercising her art in India. In circumstances like these it is hardly surprising that it is due to my reputation, and, indeed, to my self-respect, that I should carry out my programme as originally designed."

Photograph by Wiele and Klein, Madras.



A REVUE-LESS HALL: HALF-AN-HOUR OF BARRIE AND THE REST—MIXTURE, AS BEFORE.

The Show at the Hippodrome.

I was no less than five minutes late in getting to the Hippodrome, and so cannot write about the whole programme. Not my fault, for I took a 'bus to catch the tram that took me to the train, and walked quite smartly to the Hippo.; but the train was late. My poverty makes me live in—well, one of those suburbs beginning with "H." Why do most of them begin with "H"? Hackney, Hammer-smith, Hoxton—lucky Hoxton, expecting to be immortalised by its connection with Mr. Robert Sievier—Highbury, Holloway, Hampstead, and so on, to say nothing of the H'angel, H'islington. What part of the programme I missed, goodness knows, for it is a mixed entertainment—as the gentleman said after escaping without great injury from behind the scenes at a menagerie—and little attention was paid to the order of the numbers on my programme. Indeed, if I were one of the public, I should create a prodigious row about the large collection of advertisements with a minimum of information in the middle for which a "tanner" is charged. The first thing that entertained me was the Jackson troupe of cyclists,



ITALIAN BARITONE: SIGNOR ERNESTO CARONNA.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

who did wonderful things; as for Mr. Jackson himself, his face alone is worth a visit, so tremendous, so impressive—even awe-inspiring. And the troupe can do almost anything with the bicycle—probably make it play the Jew's harp or sing "Hitchy Koo" if they want to. Some pretty girls are in the troupe, in blue costumes: there was one, whom I cannot identify, who—well, she really performed very cleverly; and then, lo and behold! a man followed who, very ungallantly, "wiped her eye" by doing quite incredible things. After or before the Jackson troupe there was an "extra turn," consisting of two noblemen in dress-clothes who did quite remarkable feats in the way of balancing one another, and seemed as comfortable when upside down as you and I if sitting naturally on a chair. I hope they have now got their regular place on the bill, for I believe that the extra turn is a trial trip.

Half-an-Hour.

Of course, the really important item in the bill is Sir J. M. Barrie's "Half-an-Hour." No doubt in essence it is a condensed drama, and in the name of Aristotle we ought to see it in three full acts. The author has accomplished a miracle in the way of condensation. The piece was introduced by the "Raymond" Overture, of which I think conductors are rather too fond, but there was an excuse this time. For Mr. Edmund Gwenn was found on the stage in such a state of fury

when the curtain rose that we promptly guessed he had been working himself up for ten minutes before in the wings, and the band had been playing loudly in order to drown the noise made by him in the process. "Half-an-Hour" is by far the best of the sketches that I have seen. Sir James, with wonderful skill, packs an almost incredible quantity of matter into his piece, and does it so neatly that there is not the slightest confusion or difficulty in understanding everything. Thus you have a grim, terrible drama presented in half-an-hour of events supposed in real life to take no more than thirty minutes, but the author is so clever that it looks all right on that point, and only the dreadfully knowing ones asked whether Lady Lilian got into the house by the back-door, and how she contrived to make a change from the elaborate morning toilette into a swagger dinner-gown in

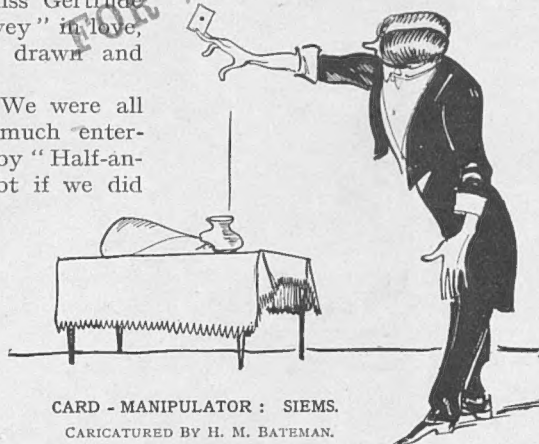


A COMEDIAN INDEED: MR. WILLIE SOLAR.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

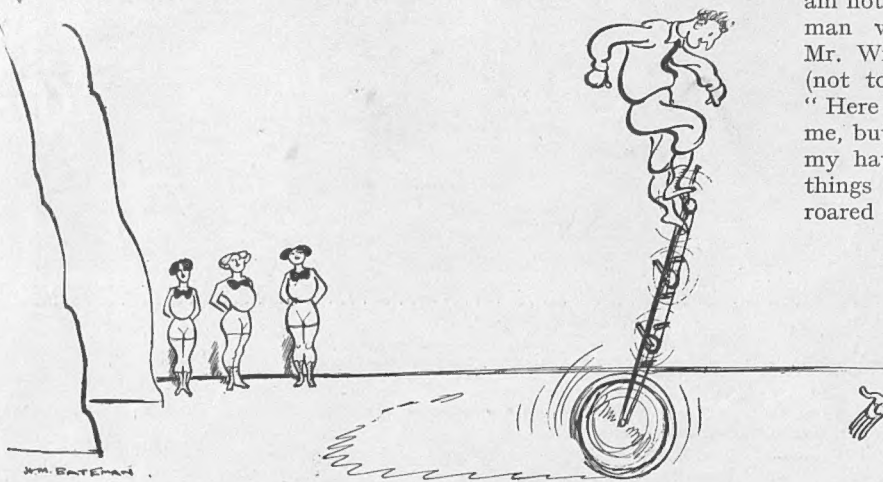
five minutes. Ladies of the stage can do such things, but not a Lady Lilian of real life. Mr. Gwenn played the brute of a husband, with whom I sympathise heartily, and played him very well. He alone of the company worked on the basis that you must rub it in hard in the music-hall. Miss Irene Vanbrugh acted very finely as the aristocratic lady whose proposed elopement was interrupted by her lover's death, when she had not the courage to end a life that promised to her nothing better than death. The pick of the acting was given by Miss Gertrude Lang, as a little "slavey" in love, a character perfectly drawn and acted.

The Miscellaneous.

We were all much entertained and impressed by "Half-an-Hour," though I doubt if we did full justice to its cleverness, and when it was over, we plunged into the miscellaneous items. I was most taken by the performance of a young gentleman with cards and flowers: no doubt it was the sort of thing I have seen on and off for almost scores of years, but there is progress in these matters, and he seemed to possess the latest possible development, being able to make the cards come and go from and to nowhere just as he pleased, and tell him their little secrets, and even defy Sir Isaac Newton and the laws of gravity. I am not sure that I should care to play poker with that young gentleman without having fixed some limit to the stakes. When Mr. Willie Solar's number went up a lady behind me whispered (not to me, for we are "strangers yet"), in awe-struck tones: "Here's Willie Solar." Quite a charming woman, the lady behind me, but I wish that—unintentionally, no doubt—she had not filled my hat, which was under the seat, with little white paper frilly things from the chocolates that she was eating. The audience roared when I put on my gibus with a kind of snowball effect; and when I got home, there was one white frilly thing still sticking to the lining, which wanted a lot of explanation, and perhaps that's why I did not enjoy Mr. Willie Solar. Between you and me, one must be very old or very young to smile easily at grotesque wigs and face-paintings and ugly noises and grimaces. We had a rather funny turn on the Bioscope, called "Single-Round O'Brien," which led up to the Grand Escalade, an item so much advertised that it would be unfair to deal with it at the end of a column. E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

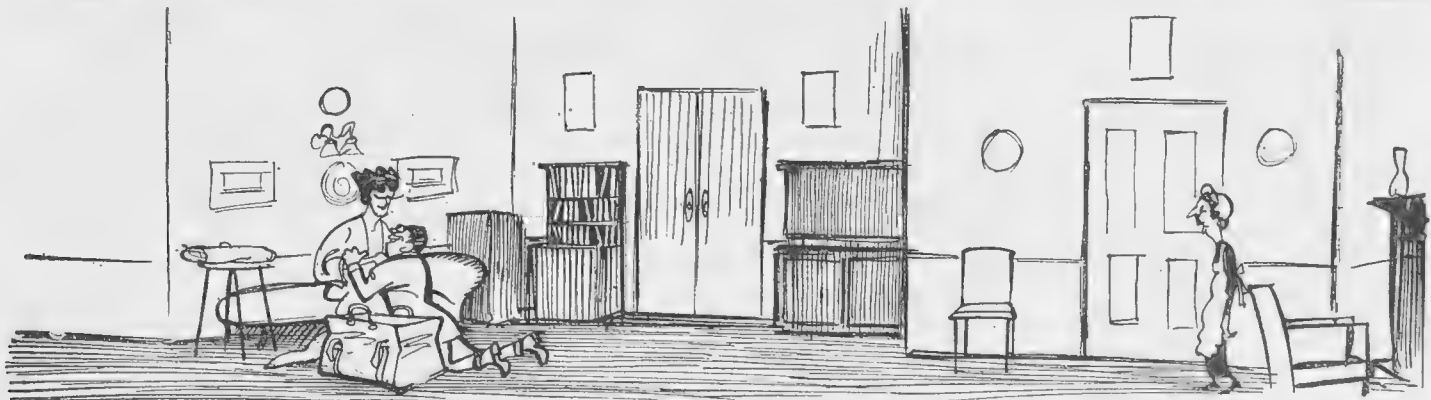
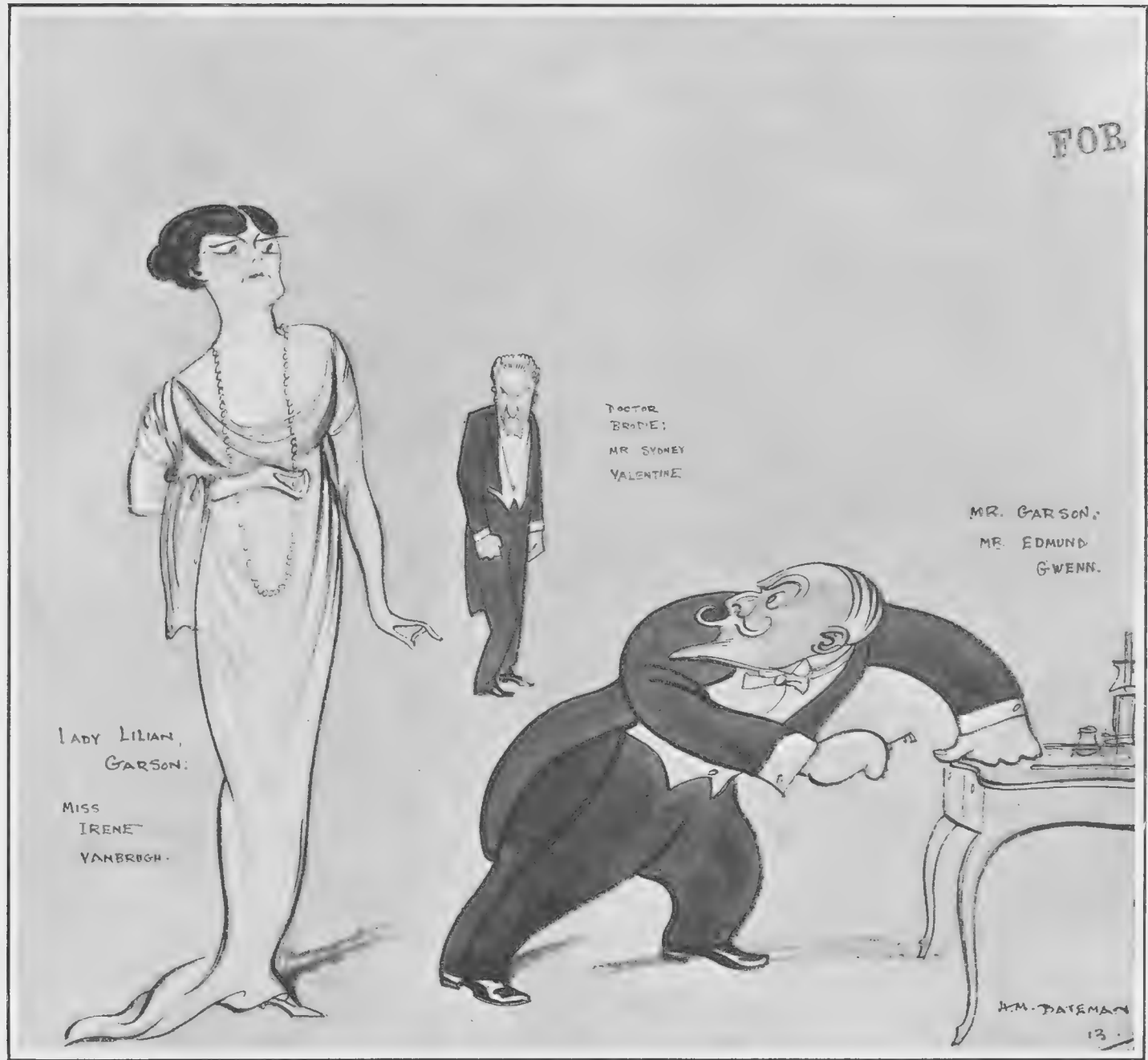


CARD-MANIPULATOR: SIEMS.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



WHEELERS: THE JACKSON TROUPE OF TRICK-CYCLISTS.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "HALF-AN-HOUR."



THE BARRIE PLAYLET AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: BATEMAN CARICATURES.

"Half-an-Hour," by Sir James Barrie, is being given at the London Hippodrome with marked success. It is in three scenes—two of them at Mr. Garson's house, the other at Hugh Paton's lodgings.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



SIR CECIL SPRING RICE.

"AN Ambassador," Sir William Temple said, or nearly said, "is a person sent abroad to lie (a-bed) for his country." Sir Cecil, in so far as he has conformed to that definition, is the most famous of his kind. Not since Rudyard Kipling was sick in New York and filled the posters—so that Strand 'busmen were obliged to ask, "Who is this 'ere Rudyard Kipling?"—has an English 'commoner's indisposition been so stirring.

The Policy of Open Mouths.

Freely interpreted, the lying a-bed definition is not, or was not, very wide of the mark. It was the boast of Lord Lyons, whose biography Lord Newton has recently put through the press, that in all the five years during which he was Great Britain's representative in Washington "he never made a speech and never took a drink"; and Lord Newton himself commends his Ambassador for refraining from uttering a single word on the "Trent" case, when all America was buzzing with it. So much for the virtue of silence; the evils of speech are amply illustrated in the case of another British Minister to the States. When Lord Sackville, usually the most silent of men, was trapped into expressing some sort of partisanship during an American election, he brought upon himself his immediate recall. Sir Cecil Spring Rice is neither a Sackville nor a Lyons. He balances an admirable candour in conversation with a very fair discretion in his public utterances, and has no belief in the policy of the shut mouth, save at doctor's orders.

Bryce Before Rice. Sir Cecil's promotion to Washington was no surprise to those who knew the esteem in which he had been held by the Foreign Office. The trend of events in recent years proved to the watchful that the best possible thing was in store for him; and the best possible thing for a diplomatist, according to Sir Edward Grey, is Washington. "Of all official positions," the Chief had said just before Mr. Bryce left a vacant place, "of all official positions I do not think there is any more pleasant than that of being the Ambassador of the United States in this country or British Ambassador on the other side." A few weeks later Sir Cecil was nominated.

On Connecticut Avenue.

Many Americans have agreed one-sidedly with Sir Edward, but rarely an Englishman. Hay, when he was recalled from London to take up the duties of Secretary of State in Washington, declared, "All my fun in life is over." Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, on the other hand, after futile enterprises in Kingsway, said: "It's better to be dead in New York than alive in London." We like, as a general rule, to think that a distinguished American is only too pleased to take up his quarters in London, and at the same time we like to grumble a little at the notion of an eminent Englishman being banished to the old-fashioned, stodgy domicile on Connecticut Avenue. A generation or two ago the Englishman went with ill-disguised

reluctance. In 1842, for instance, James Spedding, having recently arrived in the American capital, wrote to Sir Henry Taylor (Sir Cecil Spring Rice's uncle): "The outside of Washington is not remarkable. Of the inside I have not seen enough to judge—not that I have not seen Senators spit upon the carpet, girls walking about the street by themselves, young men wearing long hair, and many other things of the same kind, all of which would do very well to illustrate the evils of Republicanism." But within a week Spedding had discovered the American woman, and wrote home bidding his aunts and nieces hasten to be like her.

The Lady.

For all that, it happened that Spring Rice met the lady who was to be his wife at Berlin, and not at Washington. During Sir Frank Lascelles' term in Germany, his daughter did most of the entertaining at the Embassy, and did it admirably. While Cecil Spring Rice was there, learning to be an Ambassador, she was learning to be an Ambassador's wife, and they joined hands at the task.

A Real Young Man.

Sir Edward Grey's view of the Washington post is Sir Cecil's. Long ago, as Secretary of Embassy under Lord Pauncefoot, Sir Cecil learned to like the place and people. Washington abounds in Rices—Peabody Rices, Franklin Rices, Wilbur Rices, Pierre-pont Rices. The family name, if no more, was everywhere; and the accident pleased him, for Sir Cecil has nothing in common with the impersonal and *blasé* diplomatist of the story-books. In the only American city where dining-out and dinner-giving are taken seriously, Spring Rice was instantaneously popular, if only because he took the business of the table less seriously than most people. The least desirable Secretaries of Embassy, so be it that they carry with them something of the accomplished and easy superiority that is far more readily picked up in a European capital than in Chicago or New York, are more or less approved by the younger and fairer Washingtonians. But here was a young man whose culture was genuine,

whose nice manners were his own, rather than those of this or that court, whose smile never covered a sneer. It took about five minutes of American quick time to like him.

The Family Manner.

Mr. Roosevelt later made a pet of him, and went so far as to let it be known, just before the appointment of Mr. Bryce, that Sir Cecil would be very welcome at the White House. The best way to explain Sir Cecil is to glance at the Spring Rices among whom he was brought up—at the Spring Rice of whom Sir Henry Taylor said that "he is the only popular man I have found it possible to like," at the family of Spring Rice girls who were "filled as full of Wordsworth as they could hold," at all the records of a family that has always been, within its own circles, devoted and gay, and hardly less so in its dealings with the exterior world. In the Peerage, by the way, the Spring Rices are represented by the Montague barony.



SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING RICE.

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring Rice, British Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the United States, was born in 1859. He has been British Commissioner of Caisse de la Dette Publique, Egypt; *Précis*-Writer to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Lord Rosebery); Councillor of the Embassy at St. Petersburg; Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary and Consul-General to Persia; and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Sweden. In 1904, he married Florence Caroline, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles. He is the son of the late Hon. Thomas C. W. Spring Rice, second son of the first Lord Montague.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

THE TANGO TOUCH: TRAINING FOR THE NEW CRAZE-DANCE.



1. CIRCULAR LEG-SWINGING.

2. A FLOOR EXERCISE.

3. BENDING SIDEWAYS.

4. THE "TANGO" IN ANCIENT EGYPT: DANCING FIGURES FROM A FRIEZE OF 1500 B.C.

5. BALANCING A BOOK ON THE HEAD.

6. MASSAGE OF THE CALVES.

7. FOOT-BENDING.

8. A LEG EXERCISE.

9. A LEG AND ARM EXERCISE.

10. A FLOOR EXERCISE.

1. BACK KICKING.

It would seem that, if you wish to dance the Tango thoroughly well, you must not only learn its steps and give a good deal of time to so doing, but go into training that the body may be supple and the movements as a whole graceful. That, at all events, is the assertion of Miss Margaret H. Hallam, who advocates such exercises as those here shown. With regard to our photograph of the "Tango" in ancient Egypt (from a

frieze in the British Museum), it will be remembered that M. Richepin, lecturing the other day, pointed out that in the British Museum could be seen figures of girls dancing in much the same way as is now in evidence. On our front page we say that twenty-five steps are sufficient for ball-room purposes. According to Peté and Petita, the six ideal steps are the walk, waltz step, scissors, half-moon, parade, and variegated step.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



ENGAGED: MR. HUGH SHORE AND MISS CAROLINE MARSH.

Mr. Hugh Shore, who is in the Public Works Department, Madras, is the eldest son of Captain the Hon. H. N. Shore, R.N., of Mount Elton, Clevedon, Somerset, son of the second Lord Teignmouth. Miss Marsh is the only daughter of Colonel W. D. Marsh, of County Kilkenny.

Photographs by Lafayette.

instead of a White House, a little row of cottages, and a big name. Sir William is the best possible sick-bed comforter for Sir Cecil Spring Rice, for he, like the Ambassador and like the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is a Balliol man, and one of a well-acquainted group. If there is a "mystery" to elucidate in Washington, Sir William is the man to do it; he is "Beaver" to his friends and has the sharp eye of that attractive quadruped.

Cornish, U.S.A. Cornish, New Hampshire, now associated with the "mystery" of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice's disappearance, is the Barbizon, or St. Ives, of the States. Ever since John La Farge, the painter, first planted himself there, it has been the rendezvous of a literary and artistic group that dreads the incursion of the tourist. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, by disappearing, has made the place horribly conspicuous; and the President, another resident, is looked upon since his election as something of a menace to its quiet. The fact that he was there during the summer, with an Ambassador next door who never called upon him, gives the town an all-too-distinct place upon the map.

Divers Sitters. The American Ambassador is giving sittings to Mr. Jo. Davidson, the American sculptor, and Mr. Garvin is doing likewise. Neither



TO MARRY CAPTAIN G. G. MONTAGUE TYRRELL: THE HON. EVA ST. JOHN.

Miss St. John is the seventh of the eight daughters of the late Lord St. John of Bletso, and sister of the present Peer. Captain Tyrrell, who is in the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, is the only son of the late Mr. George Gerald Tyrrell of Kilmacrew, County Down.

Photograph by Lafayette.

SIR William Tyrrell, Sir Edward Grey's Messenger, goes from one Washington to another. His Sussex home is at Storrington, but, like Mr. Belloc, he has the freedom of the queen of counties, and often finds himself in the little village that has a "White Horse"

although they have the inner radiance. The new fashion, by the way, makes Mr. Chesterton feel that he, after all, may be made of the same stuff as the nut. For years he has gone about his peaceful business in Fleet Street with a sword-stick under his arm.

A Soldier of Fortune. The cheapening of the course for naval cadets benefits only those parents who care to prove that they are in straitened circumstances, and applies, at the best, to only twenty-five per cent.



ENGAGED: CAPTAIN CLAUD GIFFARD JEFFERY AND MRS. SPENCER ANKETELL-JONES.

Captain Jeffery is in the Yorkshire Regiment. His fiancée, formerly Miss Nellie Wilding, is the widow of Mr. S. Anketell-Jones, of Oughterard, Galway.—[Photographs by Lallie Charles.]



ENGAGED: MISS MARJORIE JEAN MACFIE AND MR. GUY MELVILL BOUSTEAD.

Miss Macfie is the only daughter of Mr. Robert C. Macfie, of Curzon House, Wimbledon Common. Mr. Boustead is the eldest surviving son of Mr. John Melvill Boustead, of Westfield, Wimbledon Common, and of Colombo, Ceylon.

Photographs by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CECIL F. DAMPIER, R.N.: MISS BARBARA GIFFARD.

Miss Giffard is the younger daughter of Mr. Walter T. C. Giffard and Mrs. Giffard, of Chillington, Staffordshire. Captain Dampier, of H.M.S. "Audacious," is the elder son of the late Rev. A. Dampier and Mrs. Dampier, of 15, Westminster Mansions.

Photograph by Swaine.

as a whole, be a training-college for the fairly well-to-do. Its expenses, of course, are not all summed up in the bill of fees; and many young men learn there that an independent banking account would be a much more convenient thing than weekly pocket-money. It is, however, from Sandhurst that the banks get their recruits—and sometimes rather raw ones. Only the other day a collegian was given a lump sum by his guardian and told to open an account for himself. He sat down to write a covering letter to the chosen bank, explaining the enclosure and his requirements, but after half an hour gave it up. All he had managed to write was: "I say, Cox—." Will he develop into a writer of great despatches?

Fair Play and Players.

Women, after generations of most illogical exclusion (except for harpists), have

been admitted to the orchestra; and Sir Henry Wood is smiled upon by the devotees of fair play. And last week he was taken, in return, to the musical heart of Old Burlington Street, where Mrs. Charles Hunter caused the new quartet by her sister, Dr. Ethel Smyth, to be performed for the first time. Lady Lewis, Mrs. Crawshay, Sir Claude Phillips, and Mrs. Hunter's three daughters (reconstructing the group of the famous Sargent canvas), with, besides, a few other privileged friends, were also present at the very private *première* of a composition that



TO BE MARRIED TO - DAY (NOV. 12) IN BOMBAY: MISS STELLA MURIEL BULKLEY AND CAPTAIN JOHN STARTIN, R.A.M.C.

Miss Bulkley is the eldest daughter of Mr. Harrington Bulkley, of the Bombay Salt Revenue. Captain Startin, who is in the Royal Army Medical Corps, is the only son of the late Mr. James Startin, M.R.C.S. The wedding is to take place in Bombay Cathedral.

Photographs by Metaker and Weston.

is a man of leisure, but as sitting for a bust is one of the few things that no sub-editor nor first-secretary can do for his chief, Dr. Page and Mr. Garvin take their turns on the studio throne despite the day's real work. A man of more leisure, for the time being, is Mr. Jim Larkin, who is about to be painted in gaol by Mr. Orpen.

Nuts and Blades. Sword-sticks, according to the authorities, are the fashion. The man whose cane has a core of steel is happy, not because he will ever use it, but because he is doing the right thing. His satisfaction reminds one of Robert Louis Stevenson's little boys, whose joy was to carry lighted lanterns under their coats where nobody could see them. As in the case of the lantern-bearers, so is it with the sword-stick brigade: they delight in leaving the world in the dark,

famous Sargent canvas), were also present at the very private *première* of a composition that must soon take its place, with the same lady's operas, among the foremost products of modern music. No. 30, Old Burlington Street is as famous for the painters it has housed as for its musicians, and it is there that Rodin, in a room specially lined with French books, makes his headquarters during London visits. His bust of Lady Warwick, in the hall, is a memento of Mrs. Hunter's genius for friendships often expressed in great paint and great marble.

WHO SAID "APRIL FOOL"? A FAKE BECOME A REALITY!



THE IMITATION AND THE REAL THING: A MADE-UP PICTURE OF A COW-BOY RIDING A HORSE SLUNG FROM A BALLOON'S CAR; AND AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE REALISATION OF THAT ACT.

"Sketch" readers will remember that, on two or three occasions, we have given in issues published about April 1 ingenious fake-pictures intended to catch the unwary in true April Fool fashion. The large illustration on this page is of such a composite fake photograph, given, in a 1st of April number of a German paper some while ago,

with the title, "Colonel Cody flies over the Lake of the Four Cantons." The smaller illustration shows a daring act realising that of the faked photograph—a cowboy in flight on a horse, over Berlin, for the purposes of a film drama. There seems to be no limit to the ingenuity of film-makers, and the courage of performers.

Photographs by Willinger and Ullstein.



BETWEEN STATIONS.

BY GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

IT is a curious fact about the new plans for taking us quickly to Paris that whereas we shall be able in three or four weeks' time to do very nearly a whole day's work in London and yet, after taking only six and a half hours on the journey, to sit down, bathed and dressed, to supper in the Avenue de l'Opéra at midnight, the railway company shows no equivalent zeal in bringing us back again. Perhaps it works on experience; perhaps it knows that we come back sadly, reluctantly. "This is the way we go to school": you know how children enact the phases of the old rhyme. After all, however, the chief thing is that we are to get there a quarter of an hour more quickly than has ever before been possible, and this is therefore an excellent opportunity for me to urge on all, or nearly all, of the important journals of my native land a radical and yet very easy alteration.

I want them to change the whole tone of their Paris correspondence.

Verily now Paris is next door to London. People go over, for week-ends, I believe; anyhow they go over much more often than they did. Women go—perhaps unnecessarily—for their clothes; men to escort their wives or on elusive business. But one cannot look at *mannequins* all days; an *essayage* takes an hour or two; the more important the business the more easy it is to get it in between two pleasures. And so when one leaves Charing Cross one does want to know how best to spend one's evenings and one's spare time. I ask you, do the English journalists—with one or two honourable exceptions—help? They do not. They generally darken counsel even when they try to be informing. Read the two honourable exceptions: they are so full of allusions that only the hardened *boulevardier* or the Englishman who makes a point of reading all the French papers, from the *Figaro* to the *Lanterne de Paris*, can properly understand what they are writing about. I believe that with the majority the real reason is that they don't know. They are too bored to go out and look at things for themselves, and so they give the go-by to all those engaging little items of actual news about theatres and fashions and people and restaurants which would really interest their readers, and keep their space for "foreign intelligence" of the weighty kind—the fate of Ministries and so on. And of course an Englishman can—I don't say he should: I fancy it's unintelligent—spend a week in Paris and yet not know that there is a Ministerial Crisis or that the Moroccan Question has become even more difficult than it was last week. His lack of that kind of knowledge won't inconvenience him, whereas he may be very much inconvenienced by an uncertainty as to whether there is an Autumn Salon or not, or where he will find that incomparable droll, Mistinguette.

You see the English journalist in Paris lives in a state of homesickness and rebellion against his fate. He wants to go home. If you know one and if he is truthful he will show you that I am right.

He's lived through his illusions. The glitter of Paris doesn't amuse him. He hears all the noises and worries about the street excavations. . . .

When I was very, very young I went to Paris for the first time, carrying a letter of introduction from Phil May to one of the best known correspondents. I knew I was in for a good time. He was young, and he wore a very French beard, and he took me in charge in the kindest way. On the day after my arrival I was to dine with him at some restaurant. I dressed in high excitement. I was at last to see what a French restaurant was like, to eat real French food. Be sure I was not late.

"Come along," my friend said; "I don't dine out often, but when I do I like to eat well." My spirits rose. "We'll go to Campbell's, in the rue St. Honoré. You can be sure of a good English leg of mutton there. Mrs. Campbell cooks it herself, and the waiter is English."

Campbell's Bar—I don't think it exists now—was certainly a little corner of England. My friend explained that he hated Paris, hated its ways and its food, and its spirit. Of course he exaggerated. It was his way of talking. But it coloured his writing. He was too impatient to do his subject justice. Partly his attitude was a pose, and it is that pose that still dictates half the Paris correspondence that comes to London.

My own conviction is that the editor who tells his Paris man that he's to affect a little enthusiasm, to be immediate in his comments, to be really informing about what the ordinary visitor to Paris wants to know, will do his paper good. What we get now is high politics in the weightier papers, and strings of names of arrivals at the big hotels in most of the lighter; but what we want is news about the Paris of the visitor and of the Parisians, about the picture shows, about the races, about the restaurants—each to his taste. Then before we start we can settle what we will do with our time and we shall not waste precious minutes driving to Durand's and finding it has

become an office building, or to the Folies-Bergère to see Willette's *divertissement* only to discover that it has just given place to a silly *revue*.

Even the French papers don't help us much. For instance, here is *La Presse* of Saturday night. Its theatrical advertisements appear under a heading: "Spectacles de ce Soir." Each theatre has a line or two made up mainly of abbreviations incomprehensible to the visitor and saying nothing about the artists who are appearing. "Vaudeville, 8 h.½—La Phalène" doesn't tell you that the play is by Henri Bataille and that its chief attraction is Mlle. Yvonne de Bray—although most people, in Paris at least, go to the play to see some particular actor or actress; nor, for the matter of that, does it tell you whether it is a good or bad play, nor whether it is proper or improper. . . .

I think the subject is worth returning to.



ON GUARD OVER A STATUE OF HIMSELF FIGHTING A MAD DOG: JEAN BAPTISTE JUPILLE BEFORE A MEMORIAL IN HIS HONOUR, NEAR THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

Jean Baptiste Jupille, concierge of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, is a particularly interesting personality of that most beneficent establishment. As a shepherd lad, he saw a mad dog about to attack some children, and sprang at it to prevent it. In holding the dog he was bitten; and so it came that, in 1885, he went to Pasteur and was inoculated. He is here seen standing by the side of the statue commemorating his plucky act.

The Perfectly Popular Pianist: Studies of Types.



VI.—THE SENTIMENTALIST: A CHOPIN NOCTURNE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



A NIGHT TRIP TO THE LAND OF CRAZE AND COMMON-SENSE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THE sail flaps and beats madly like a wounded wing under the desperate effort of the wind to rend it. The sea heaves under me and rocks me savagely. I feel no fear: I can hardly

think for the noise. The cool spray is on my eyelids and on my lips. Volition has left me—and resistance. I know myself half-drowned already, and I mean to trick Fate out of its malice by a complete *abandon*—the perfect *abandon* of indifference. It cannot be colder deep down in the heart of the ocean than here on its tumultuous breast. I almost long for the precipitous descent, if it were only to still that sarcastic voice of my second *ego*—a voice not strong enough to prevent me from plunging into danger, but always distinct enough to spoil my pleasure in the intoxication of risk. And that voice is saying, "You knew it before you started. Whoever went to America in a sailing boat?" And that other *ego*—the flippant, the fearless, the one which glories in its madness—answers, with a laugh, "Christopher Columbus."

Such impertinence is too much for Fate. If the end can be born of noise, the end is indeed here. What is it? Where am I? Down among the mercurial fishes? I always imagined the under-sea an abyss of silence! Methinks Neptune's cook must be smashing her master's best champagne-glasses! Or perhaps the crystal caves of dolphins and sirens are tumbling about their fins and ears—in these days of jerry-built abodes!

I sit up on my bed and sneeze. The window is wide open, the blind folds and unfolds itself violently, convulsed under the rage of the wind. A few yards away, the sea spits at the pebbles like an angry cat. I am soaked from the rain. The bed-clothes are on the floor, thrown there by my restlessness. I have had a nightmare, and I shall have a cold. The electric light is still burning, and, under my cheek, its gorgeous gilt cover spoilt by rain-water, is the cause of it all—"Joan Thursday," by Louis Vance, an American novel that has dragged me in spirit from my commonplace hotel-bed in quest of adventures on the crest of the waves: and that on a wild equinoctial night! The street-lamp made such a tremendous noise in "smithereening" itself that I am now quite awake. It is three o'clock in the morning. I do not feel like sleeping again. I get up, push up the window, re-make my bed, and plunge myself into "Joan Thursday." What is the lure of America and things American—of that country where the men are of a simplicity equalled only by their 'cuteness, like children reared in a shop; where woman is more a luxury than a necessity; where children are like buds forced open before *éclosion* time by febrile fingers; where grown-ups think like

intelligent youngsters, and children act like silly grown-ups—the country of craze and common-sense? There is nothing more like a French novel than an American one, yet the American manner of thought and mode of life are very different from those of the French. The likeness consists all in the way both have of telling a story. Mr. Louis Vance might be a mild Zola—a Zola careful of the "*qu'en dira t'on*"—a Zola who had become nice in his choice of words. Both have the same impartial attitude—the same detachment from their hero, the same exact candour, the same disdain for prettiness, the same probing method, the same dignity as an artist. Any nonpleasantness in either writer is justified by truth.

Joan Thursday is an American girl of the People, with ambition of the lower sort, and as an instrument for that ambition she is armed with beauty, consciousness of her beauty—without which beauty is a small asset—the minimum of tenderness, and a conquering egotism; with all this a woman can go far, if not very high. Joan, who has early realised that the Stage is the shop-window of feminine goods, becomes an actress, and in a short time, by chance and the adaptability of anyone not encumbered with too fine scruples, she becomes a success. It is an everyday story, banal enough in the annals of the Stage, but it is told admirably. Great is the talent of an author who can make appealing a book with hardly a sympathetic character in it. I was forgetting Matthias—an American gentleman of English descent, the only fine figure in the story. Matthias is afflicted with the unthinking reverence for Woman, extreme to absurdity, which makes of certain American husbands and lovers unhappy and sublime dupes—

In the east the vault of night was pallid, azure, and silver, with the promise of the reluctant moon. A hand fell gently upon his arm: Venetia's. . .

The nearness of her person, the intimacy of her touch weighed heavily upon his senses. An edge of golden light appeared where the skies came down to the sea; hesitated; increased. That wan and spectral light, waxing, lent emphasis to the rare and delicious wonder of her loveliness, to the impregnable mystery of her womanhood. He regarded her with something near awe, with keen perception of his unworthiness: as a spirit from heaven had stooped to commune with him. She lived; breathed; the hand upon his arm was warm and strong. . . Incredible!

This is far from being one of the best passages in the book. I quoted it to illustrate a certain attitude of the male mind—especially of the Amer-

ican mind—which is both false and fatal. It is enough to make any healthy, sane, human woman kick furiously at her pedestal, is it not?



MUCH INTERESTED IN THE PICTURE BALL:
THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

Her Grace, being herself no mean artist, is well fitted to take a prominent part in the Picture Ball, which will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 3, in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



WITH HIS FATHER'S PACK: LORD BURGHLEY, ELDER SON OF THE MARQUESS OF EXETER—
WITH HIS SISTER, LADY WINIFRED CECIL; AND THE HUNTSMAN.

Lord Burghley was born on Feb. 9, 1905. His brother, Lord William Cecil, was born in 1909; his sister, in 1903. The meet illustrated was at Burghley House, near Stamford.—[Photograph by Barrett.]

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU! I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT!



A FEW THINGS THE DEAR GIRLS EXPECT NOWADAYS.

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.



A GEE-GEE TO BACK FOR THE POPULARITY STAKES! BOSWELLISED GEORGE GROSSMITH.*

Love-Making, the Silent Art.

"Gee-Gee" is a certain starter for the Popularity Stakes and a regular winner: even the least prescient of tipsters could not fail to star him and avoid the hedging "ought to," "should," and "if." As a consequence, this chronicle of some of his sayings, sage and satirical, cannot but find many to appreciate it, "backers" who will not deem their favourite wanting, even though his stories lack some of the extra "snap" they would have if names were included in them instead of being, for the most part, rigorously warned off, not always for apparent reason. Evidently Mr. O'Dell—of Ludgate Circus, not of the Savage Club—would credit Mr. Grossmith with an abnormally developed bump of caution; or it may be that he carries his belief that love-scenes on the stage must be silent if they are to be really effective into that carulean region of the modern memoir-maker where the virtue is practised, perhaps, too little—which brings us to a quotation from the book! "One of the best interpretations of love on the stage I ever saw was in New York, in a play by Clyde Fitch, in which the idea of a young man and a girl falling in love with one another at first sight was conveyed, without a single word passing between them, in a most impressive pause. . . . Yet another was in Zola's 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret' at the Odéon, in Paris. During the whole of the second act of this play, which takes place in a forest, there is not a word spoken between the



AS PICTURED BY SEM, THE FAMOUS PARISIAN CARICATURIST: MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

Under this Sem wrote: "C'est un curieux et long bon homme—qui possède un visage assez grave et des jambes follement gaies."

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lovers, who chase one another playfully about until they suddenly discover that all things in the forest—the animals, the trees, and the plants—are in pairs and have conspired to make them love. Then come the simple words—the only dialogue in the entire act—'Je t'aime.'"

The Land-Owner Waiter on the Cabinet Minister.

Such conspiracy could not have been in evidence in a private room in a certain restaurant a while back! A year or two ago, Mr. Grossmith, giving a supper-party, had a Cabinet Minister among his guests. "I have often wondered since," he says, describing a *contretemps* of the occasion, "whether he would not have been a trifle surprised if he had known that, disguised as a waiter, a certain highly placed landowner, one of his fiercest political opponents, whom he has persistently attacked from public platforms, stood behind his chair and poured out his champagne on that festive evening. Yet such was indeed the case." And, surely, that was "the absolute edge," which Mr. Grossmith points out is the new description of "the limit"!

USED BY A VULNERABLE YOUNG MAN WHO GOT ENGAGED SEVERAL TIMES A MONTH! A TYPE-WRITTEN-FORM LETTER OF EXPLANATION AND REGRET.

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* "Gaiety and George Grossmith: Random Reflections on the Serious Business of Enjoyment." Chronicled by Stanley Naylor. (Stanley Paul; 5s. net.)

On Ladies of the Chorus.

But to more domestic matters—that is to say, to things strictly theatrical. Mr. Grossmith is a staunch defender of the Ladies of the Chorus. "It is possible," he admits, "that some of the girls in our musical plays are daughters of small suburban grocers, like Sir Arthur Pinero's heroine in 'The "Mind-the-Point" Girl.' But it is also a fact that many of them are ladies of good birth and education, who fare considerably better on the salary they receive from the theatre than they would if they were governesses." "The daily day of the modern chorus-girl," comments the chronicler, "is not an easy one, and, figuratively speaking . . . she gets more kicks than ha'pence. . . . Still, by the chorus-girl of ability who fights her way through, there are many prizes to be won." As he puts it elsewhere: "Just as every private soldier notoriously carries a field-marshal's bâton in his knapsack, so a certain little girl, who has not yet penetrated beyond the seventh or eighth row of the 'Gaiety' chorus, may have something very like a coronet hidden away in the folds of her light and airy garments."

The "Blood" and the "Nut."

So to the "Blood" and the "Nut"—beware, there is a vast difference between them. The "Blood," Mr. Grossmith will assure you with force, is by no means to be despised; as to the "Nut"—! The first is a man: "to take a pride in one's clothes does not mean, of necessity, that one is lacking in virility. If it betrays lack of stamina to dress well, why is a soldier put in the cells because he has not pipe-clayed his belt? . . . 'Never marry a man with baggy trousers,' I constantly tell my lady colleagues at the 'Gaiety,' and I believe there is sound common-sense in the advice. . . . May not a well-groomed person be symbolical of a well-ordered mind? . . . The difference between a 'blood' and a 'nut' . . . is not easily defined. . . . Twenty years ago, the young-man-about-town we then knew as a 'Johnnie' was a gentleman, while his cheap imitation, a 'chappie,' was not. And, in just the same way, the 'blood' of to-day differs from the 'nut.' The 'blood' is, in short, a real dandy. The 'nut,' on the other hand, is a sham one."

George Edwardes Stories.

A word now as to Mr. George Edwardes, most famous of musical-comedy providers in this country. "Mr. Edwardes is a good judge of men, and also horses, but he has a poor memory for names. . . . If a man in his employ is named Johnson, and he once chooses to call him Williams, then by the name of Williams the man will ever afterwards be known." And here is another yarn: "While motor-ing along a quiet country lane one day, he met an elderly farm labourer, who was struggling with rather more than the usual difficulty to wheel a barrow. 'Why, what's the matter with you?' asked the 'Guv'nor,' pulling up his car. 'Just a touch o' the rheumatiz, Sor,' replied the son of toil shyly. At once Mr. Edwardes's kind heart was touched. 'I've suffered like that myself, and I know what 'll put you right,' he began encouragingly. 'You don't want to go to Aix, or any place like that. You want to get one of those blue electric-light things, and sit holding it to your back for an hour and a half every morning in the bath. Then, cut off all rich food, and, above all, take plenty of Malvern water!'" These quotations by way of introduction to a book thousands will read.



CARICATURED BY JEAN LOUIS BOUSSIN-GAULT: THE TANGO.

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A SKETCH TRIO!



THE STAGE-MANAGER (to the brace of supers): Now, you know what you've got to do in the third act? Remember, you both come on as Napoleon's Army retreating from Moscow.

DRAWN BY SEYMOUR HURLEY.



WHY NOT WITH SKYE-TERRIERS—OR EVEN AIREDALES—AS HOUNDS?
AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF FOX-HUNTING OF THE FUTURE.

DRAWN BY G. BRON.



LL(ONLY) G(OLFER): Inteed to gootness, whateffer have I hit—surely not the ball?

THE CADDIE: No, Sir, beggin' yer pardin; it's a bad egg, Sir: one of them there silly pheasants 'as bin a-layin' 'er case before yer.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM PRANCE.

THE WISDOM OF WILLIE.



THE MAN IN THE CHAIR: Have you seen that poor Bobby Blank has been run over by a car and killed?
WILLIE: I'm not surprised, d'you know: he wasn't looking at all fit when I saw him the other day.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



THE WAYS OF MEN.

By VANCE PALMER.

CARSWELL came aboard at Colombo. It was the first time I had seen him for half-a-dozen years, so it was with a good deal of pleasure that I caught a glimpse of his brown, healthy face looking up from a catamaran at the foot of the gangway. There was a woman with him, but I did not notice her much till later. The deck was crowded with hawkers selling silks and gew-gaws and native boys carrying baggage, so there was nothing to do but draw one's deck-chair to a quiet spot and wait till the screws were throbbing again, and the fever and bustle had been left behind.

Altogether the voyage had not been a pleasant one thus far. The passengers were a dull lot: Shanghai merchants on holiday, and gum-chewing Americans, with five-hundred-dollar, round-the-world tickets in their pockets, and in their eyes a restless anxiety lest they should lose a cent's worth of scenery. Carswell was different. He had travelled more than most men, and used his grey, imaginative eyes to some purpose, so that he gripped you as much when he talked of a coffee-stall in Holborn as of a bazaar in Samarcand. There was a delicacy about him, with an insight and sympathy that were quick in their appeal, and his sensitive lips seemed to be formed for the purpose of saying charitable things. One could easily forget that he was the man who threw the Dargai Bridge across the Ganges and explored the secret places of Tibet.

Lying on our cane lounges after dinner, we smoked innumerable cigars and talked about the men we had known before the insidious call of the East had stirred our blood. Perhaps it was I who talked most, for Carswell had not been home during the last six years. It was an evening that prompted ceaseless chatter and indolent reminiscences. The sky was a purple curve, pricked with faint stars; the engines purred softly through the tropic seas, and one could imagine that the breeze was laden with spicy scents from the land we had left behind.

We had been talking a couple of hours, perhaps, when I noticed a woman standing alone by the rails, with a white silk wrapper over her head. She was a new passenger, and did not seem inclined to talk to the rest. But that was not what singled her out or drew my attention. It was some peculiar quality in her face—one of the most arresting faces I had ever looked upon. She was of striking beauty; there was a graceful poise about her that was very wonderful, and her eyes had a dusky magic in them. But in every line, in every feature, there was a haunting sadness that seemed to cling about her like an atmosphere.

Carswell did not notice her for a while, and then he sprang up suddenly—

"Excuse me a few minutes, old chap."

The smile that lit up her face when he spoke to her was like a revelation. Somewhere in the depths of my mind a memory was trying to clear itself and rise to the surface. Where in the past years had I seen that face, with its dark colouring, its warm brown eyes, and its entirely lovable smile? Carswell had come aboard with her, of course, but the memory went much further back than that.

Half-an-hour later, when she had gone down to her cabin, Carswell came back. A faint doubt seized me.

"You aren't married, Carswell?" I said.

He gave a queer start.

"I? Good gracious, no! What put that into your head?"

"I don't know," I laughed. "It wouldn't be so outrageous, you know. And then——"

It was rather too pointed to indicate what I meant, but he understood.

"You don't remember her?" he said softly.

"No, not altogether."

"You'll remember Billy Chard, anyway."

Billy Chard! Of course I remembered Billy, though it was five years since I had seen his black eyes laughing out from underneath his arched brows. Who wouldn't remember Billy that had once known him? There was something magnetic about him, something that attracted you in spite of yourself. When I first knew him he had come down from Oxford with a trail of huge glories behind him, and was reading for the Bar. But the Bar wasn't made for Billy. I remembered the suppers in his rooms at Pump Court, the schoolboy boisterousness of them, and the recklessness in Billy's eyes when the wine and wit had gone to his head. There was a strain of violence in him that made him live at his fullest only in moments of excitement; and revelry, sport, adventure were the breath of life to him. If only some track had been mapped out for him other than the appointed one!

In the quiet night, memories came back teeming, crowding: Billy at Ranelagh, with his dark hair flying, and his pulses beating time to the drum of ponies' hoofs! Billy on the East Coast, driving his little ten-footer in front of half-a-gale of wind! Billy leaning over the table, his eyes alight, talking of some new colt that was going to carry off the Woodcote Stakes with a sweeping rush! I remembered the night he came in to tell me about his love-affair, and the awkward way he hung about my room looking at the backs of my books. She was wonderful—that was all he could say. I could see that he was striving with something that could not very easily be put into words.

She was indeed wonderful—that was the only way the men who had met her could describe her. They had met at some country-house party, and she threw everything over for Billy straight away. Her father was a hard, domineering man, and had set his heart on her marrying some old baronet who had a name in politics and a fortune made out of soap. But I don't think she ever thought of anyone but Billy. In the end, when they used the family pressure, she left home and got a situation as typist in a lawyer's office. It was understood that they were to be married as soon as Billy was called to the Bar.

I never heard what had become of her after the crash. Billy disappeared suddenly, and a whisper went round the clubs that he had put his father's name to a cheque for a rather heavy amount, and his father was a rigid, self-righteous man who could never forget or forgive. There was a weakness in Billy that even his best friends could not be blind to; the gambling instinct was in his fibre, and he would have staked his life's happiness on the turn of a card. He turned up in my rooms about three months afterwards, looking but the shadow of his old self, but there was the same adventurous, eager light in his eyes. He had got a good billet in India, and was going out straight away. The East had always appealed to him, and somehow he wanted the opportunity of starting afresh in a place where no one knew him. Aileen was a brick; she had stuck to him all through, and would stick to him till the end.

That was the last I saw of him.

"Billy Chard!" I said. "Of course I remember Billy."

"You knew him better than I did, of course," began Carswell. "In the old club days I think he considered me rather a dry stick, and always made me remember, somehow, that I was a little bald on the crown. I didn't get really well acquainted with him till I was in Bombay four years ago. He was managing a little shipping office then, and we saw a good deal of one another, though he almost cut

[Continued overleaf.]

me at first, and didn't show any eagerness to talk about old times. He was successful in business—but not, I think, in his friends. Most of the people he moved among spent more in a month than he earned in a year, and polo always was a passion with him, so he had to keep a couple of ponies.

"Then one of his weaknesses was that he could only live in a blaze of popularity. He always made the mistake of thinking there was something real in the good-fellowship of the club-room at one o'clock in the morning, when the wine had gone round freely. And he was no judge of character. Any bluff, hearty man who slapped him on the back could find his way to his pocket. There is something in the East, with its sharp, vivid lights and shadows, which destroys all subtle gradations of character and divides men ultimately into sheep and goats. It is interesting enough to watch the process going on, but not when one's sympathies are directly concerned. And I liked Billy instinctively.

"Once, sitting on my hotel verandah, I tried to give him some advice, but somehow the words sounded priggish before they were actually formed. He had a way of looking at you with that strange, quizzical smile of his; of suggesting that, after all, you had missed the very breath and spirit of life. There was something so contagious about his vitality, too, that it was hard to believe that everything was not going quite well with him. And the way his eyes dulled and flamed again suddenly when he talked! He had that imaginative outlook upon life which is rare, very rare, even among men who live adventurously. It stimulated, and yet disconcerted you. I remember going to bed wondering whether I was not an old fogey, after all, with an increasingly morbid interest in cholera-belts and chest-protectors.

"The next time I met Billy was in a health resort in the Hills, and then he was running a little paper with the aid of a few Eurasian compositors and a broken-down soldier. He had had an attack of intermittent malaria, he said, and had been forced to leave the coast for a while. But it was not malaria that had altered his face or put the slight look of strain in his eyes. There was a little less springiness in his step, and his laughter was not quite so spontaneous. I was recruiting my health there, too, and we drove and rode together a good deal, but he did not want to talk about Bombay. He preferred to gossip about the old days and the men we had known in the past.

"Sometimes, when he was not working on the paper, we spent our evenings together, and his hands were as steady as ever with the cue. I never found a game he was not a master at, from whist to water-polo. The Clintons were up for about four weeks, and a good-looking young widow, named Mrs. Pryde. I never really saw much of him after she came. She had big, round, melting eyes, and a way of making any man believe that her boredom ceased the minute his rickshaw drew up at her gate. I didn't like her, and neither did Billy at first. She had an insidious way of flattering him, though, of looking up eagerly the moment he opened his lips, of following him with her eyes wherever he moved. There was a provocation and daring about her phrases, too. I remember hearing her ironically describe someone as 'the sort of man who could go for a drive with a pretty woman on a moonlight night without kissing her.' And I can remember Billy's forced, uneasy smile.

"When I was going away I offered to find Billy a nice, comfortable job in some engineering works at Calcutta, but he merely thanked me civilly. He had plenty of good situations offered to him, he said, and he would take one when he had fully recovered. There was a breezy optimism about him that was rather spasmodic and forced, and I didn't like the way his eyes avoided mine or his habit of drinking his whisky at a gulp. But I was starting out for Tibet then, and had a lot of little worries on my mind, so that I nearly forgot him for awhile. No, I can't say that I forgot him, for the last sight of him had left a slight uneasiness in my being, and sometimes, when I was smoking in the evenings and thinking of old faces, it came back.

"Then in Cawnpore, two years ago, I met Mason; you remember Mason, perhaps—a big, beefy man who used to go to sleep in the club after dinner with a half-burnt cigar between his lips. When I asked him about Billy he shrugged his shoulders and smiled. He had seen him playing a bass-viol in the orchestra of some Calcutta restaurant, and had heard that before that he was runner for some shipping firm near the wharves. He wasn't greatly interested in him. In the East there are only two sorts of men—the ones who

are going up and the ones who are slipping down; and both are regarded with a strange sense of fatality, as though it were a matter apart from the human will.

"And so I lost track of Billy till a year ago, when I was going to Madras. I had taken a sleeper and made myself comfortable for the night; but once, when we stopped at a wayside station, a man got into the carriage from the wrong side. I knew he was jumping the train. In India, of course, tickets are never collected after dark, and there are plenty of chances for the native thief or the down-at-heels white who can't pay for his ride. I had some luggage that I didn't want to lose, so I sat up and turned on the light.

"Yes, it was Billy. I hardly knew him at first, for he hadn't shaved for a while, and his clothes were not exactly smart; but it was in his face chiefly that the change lay. His eyes were restless and unsteady, and there were purses of flesh under them that were accentuated by the sallow hollowness of his cheeks. He sat with a queer stoop of the shoulders, and there was a nervousness about him that made it seem a physical strain for him to look you in the eyes.

"Of course, he professed himself glad to see me. He was going to Ceylon, he said, to manage a tea-plantation, and perhaps he swaggered a little at first. During the night, though, as we talked on, he became more real, and I managed to put him at his ease. He even talked of Aileen—talked of her in a queer, hesitating kind of way. She was wanting to come out and join him, and now that he had a chance of getting on his feet again he would let her come. She was a brick—she always had been a brick. His eyes rested on mine challengingly and yet nervously, as though wondering whether I remembered Mrs. Pryde.

"But somehow I was disturbed when I left the train next morning. His blue chin, restless eyes, and cigarette-stained fingers remained with me longer than his confident words. Several times I wrote to the address he gave me, but I did not hear. Then, four weeks ago, I happened to wander into the Anglo-American bar at Colombo. There was the usual boisterous crowd of sailors and marines sitting at small tables and drinking the vile native beer, and in the billiard-room a group of Cingalese had assembled to see a match between a quick-eyed Eurasian and a white man.

"Billy again! I knew it was dead-finish the moment I looked at him. So long as self-respect is vital in a man, there is hope; but it has a way of dying quite suddenly, and after that he passes the barrier abruptly. I could not fail to notice the slouch of Billy's gait, and the querulousness of his voice as he snapped at some natives who were crowding on his heels. They passed a running fire of comment on his play in their own tongue, and when the game was finished Billy slipped off, though I was not aware that he had seen me.

"He must have seen me and made inquiries as to where I was staying, for a fortnight later I got a note in his familiar, aggressive handwriting. It was abrupt and disconnected, but informed with a strange decision. Aileen had been worrying, and was coming out; he could not face her; he felt in his bones that the game was up, and that Fate held the joker and both bowers.

"Something in the tone of his note made me call a rickshaw immediately. I found—well, what I expected to find. He was lying sprawled across the bed, with a bottle of laudanum on the table beside him, and his arm thrown across his face. There were all his letters and papers in the room: I hardly know why he had made no attempt to burn them. . . .

"Of course, I met Aileen at the boat. I had thought out my lies beforehand, and told them as cunningly as I could. I would have given my soul rather than that she should learn the truth. And it won't be easy to forget the look in her grey eyes as she sat listening to me, and the still way her hands rested in her lap: I never thought that lying could be so hard before. But, anyway, she would never have believed anything but good of Billy. . . ."

He stopped, and his grey, sympathetic eyes clouded as he looked out at the wake of the moon across the smooth water. There came before me the strange, inspiring face of the woman I had seen that evening, with its haunting sadness and its quiet beauty. Then a curiosity seized me.

"Letters?" replied Carswell. "Yes, I happened to know the shallow, pointed writing on the envelopes. . . . Of course, I burned them all. Men are made of pretty muddy stuff, even the best of them; but thank God there are good women."

THE END.



THE FOLLIES. AND TWO LADIES FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

ONE cannot help being overjoyed to see the return of the Follies. The death of H. G. Pellissier was a blow at the very heart of London's joyousness, a blow that was instantaneously felt by many a mirth-seeker and which tended to make the task of the fun-maker the less alluring. During the illness of the great amuser, the entertainment had been allowed temporarily to lapse, but before he died Mr. Pellissier had taken steps to see that it should be revived, and had placed the handling of the business under the supervision of Dan Everard, one of his oldest lieutenants, and this week the joyous entertainment has revived at the Coliseum. And despite the deplorable absence of the great founder, it gives every indication that it is far from dead. Mr. John Budd has been engaged to devise new scenery and effects, and everything seems to point to a successful future. The programme is almost entirely new, with the exception of a song, excellently rendered, about cats and a "musical burlesque of trades," introducing the Blacksmith, and that delightful old song, "The Baked-Potato Man," which is quite one of the prettiest numbers given to us by Pellissier. Each of the numbers is worked up in the old style to which we have been accustomed, and each is capitally done.

There is "two minutes in a modern theatre," and there is "five minutes with the modern music-hall," both of which are full of good fun, and afford the artistes every opportunity of giving capital amusement. The new recruits who have been brought into the company are full of life and irresponsible gaiety. Miss Dollis Brooke is good, and so are Miss Monica Mellor and Miss Stella Ranson, while Mr. Dan Everard is a capable showman, and is well assisted by Mr. J. G. Taylor, whose song is a great success, and by Messrs. Charles Childerstone and Patrick Thayer. The whole performance goes very joyously indeed, and should find no difficulty in maintaining for itself the high position which it won in Pellissier's days. There can be no doubt that it has the good wishes of everybody concerned, and we may hope for its continued success with a public to which it has endeared itself in the past.

A Good Laugh.

The other evening I found the audience laughing very merrily at a little piece given with great gusto by Miss Flo Irwin and Company, and it should, so far as one can see, enjoy a considerable success on this side of the Atlantic. It tells of a lady who has become seized with the idea that it would be well to curb the tendency to drinking which has lately made itself a rather noticeable feature of daily life at her husband's

scene, which her husband and his friend are inclined to sample. At the same moment appears the friend's wife, bent upon a similar errand. This leads to a charge brought by the other lady against her and the other man of jubilation, which causes Miss Flo Irwin to faint, and then the fun begins. Miss Irwin is given two liqueurs of the fatal draught, which reduces her to the most amusing condition. She is roused to a condition to which she is completely unaccustomed, and indulges in many mirth-promoting freaks. In this highly amusing scene Miss Irwin shows great powers of enlivening an audience. She never exceeds due bounds, but contrives to be unfailingly humorous throughout. She possesses unusual powers of amusing her hearers and manages to keep them laughing consistently throughout the show, which in these days is a feat none too easy to tackle. She is well supported by all the other members of the cast, who enter upon their duties wholeheartedly and contrive to extract every possible piece of fun-making out of the sketch. The question of female inebriety is far from an easy matter to treat on the stage, but in this sketch it is managed with considerable skill and contrives to keep the Tivoli amused from start to finish.

Another American.

At the Palace the other evening I found another American lady giving a performance which appeared to be affording much satisfaction to a crowded house. This was Miss Fanny Bryce, who was singing and talking and behaving herself in odd ways with the very clear and obvious intention of amusing. I must at once confess that the purport of her songs somewhat failed to reach me. I was in a good seat, but this did not have the desired effect of enabling me to catch what she said. However, in spite of this drawback, I must confess that I was amused by her performance. She to a certain extent insists on being entertaining, and this is bound to have its effect. She possesses a power of pulling her face into extraordinary angles, which had to a certain extent the result desired and made her audience laugh, while her quaint antics in a very narrow skirt gave an air of eccentricity to her performance which went well. Miss Fanny Bryce is a young lady who may be described as gifted, but she might well be reminded that to be gifted is not entirely sufficient, and that it would be better if she made the words of her songs rather more intelligible to her hearers than she does at present. However, it must be conceded that she managed to extract a good deal of laughter from an audience that is not too readily amused.

ROVER.



"THE WITCH," AT THE ST. JAMES'S:
MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS ANNE
PEDERSDOTTER.

"The Witch," by John Masefield, was produced originally at the Court, for a few matinees, in 1911. It is exceedingly dramatic.

office, which she visits on the very morning when a bottle of very choice forty-year-old whisky has appeared upon the



FROM LLYNWLLANWLLYN: MISS ELEANOR
DANIELS AS MYFANWY JONES IN "THE
JONESES," AT THE STRAND.

A little more than a year ago, Miss Daniels was a school-mistress at Llanelly.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



ON THE LINKS

THE HIGHER GOLF NEAR LONDON: A DECADE OF PROGRESS TO THE PERFECT CLUB.

The New Bramshot.

St. George's Hill, Croham Hurst, and others—fast upon each other these great new courses all around the outer belt of London are springing up. Do you not remember how, some ten years ago, when Walton Heath and Sunningdale and Huntercombe were practically the only specimens of what may be called the higher golf, we golfing people did not quite see how we were to have any more, for the experiment in their case seemed so daring—such a great jump forward into a doubtful future? Then came a second era of advancement, and with it came Stoke Poges, Sandy Lodge, Worplesdon, Burhill, Coombe Hill, and some others of that great kind. One of the early courses of this great period of activity was Bramshot, which is out near Fleet, in Hampshire, and it had a rather rough time at first, when poor Captain Seton, was playing the part of pioneer down that way. It was a risky venture, and for Captain Seton, in 1905, it was a little before its time. He saw too far ahead. But the proper time came; the members of the club became enthusiastic; they took over the whole thing for themselves, spent money on it and made it greater and better, and now they have such a thing in golf and country clubs as they may well be proud of. In a little while it will be one of the biggest things of its kind in the South of England. I had not been to Bramshot for about six years until the other day, when an old and very valued friend bade me go with him and be delighted; and I went, and was.

Fine Turf and Good Holes.

What a transformation! I remember that the first time I played at Bramshot I said quite a large number of bad things about the state of the fairway, because I was always finding my ball on a bare patch, and in a cup at that, and an iron had to be jabbed at it instead of a brassie. The fairway is now as good as a fairway can be, and on my day it was wonderfully dry after very heavy rain. Constantly the ball sat up smiling after its

drive, letting a straight-faced driver be swung at it again. The architecture of the course has also been vastly improved, and many of the holes now are superb. I have only one fault to find with it, and, lest it be thought I am out on this occasion for flattery, I shall state it plainly—and that is that a short hole is badly needed in the first nine, and some big sacrifice ought to be made to get it. There is no short hole at all in the first half, and then there are two in the second which come quite close together. But three, or even four, short holes are none too many on a first-class course in these days, and Bramshot must get one for its first half. The putting-greens are splendid, and the natural surroundings of the course have no superior in golf-dom.

But there is another The Perfect Country Club. respect in which it excels, and that is in the fine degree to which it has carried the country-club idea. In this point it beats the others. The club has built a new and very fine club-house, quite a delightful thing, and it has worked into its scheme some thirty bedrooms or more. Here is the very perfection of the country-club idea, and there is the South Western railway station, made specially for the club, just alongside. We had our two rounds, a pleasant time at the tea-table, and were back at Waterloo by a quarter to seven, feeling that, despite all the trouble in the world, life might still be made very well worth the living. One extra thought just occurs to me now. These great new courses some way out of London, after all, owe much of their popularity and success to the motor-car. They give you an object for your motoring, and the car-ride and the golf do jointly make such a great day of it. I have not done it yet, but it must be a great run down by road to Bramshot. This thought is induced by the fact that this is Motor Show week, and at Olympia you will discover thousands of golfers choosing their new cars, with the chief object of going golfing with them.—Golf and the car have gone hand-in-hand together.

HENRY LEACH.



THIRD IN THE LADIES' COUNTY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

From left to right in the back row are Miss Langley Smith, Miss Clay, Miss Merrick, Miss P. Clark. Sitting are Miss Barry, Miss C. Seymour Keay (captain), and Miss Bryan.

The eleventh annual tournament for the Ladies' County Golf Championship was concluded at Sandwich, on Thursday of last week, when Surrey, who were champions in 1909, beat Gloucestershire by six matches to one, and, having thus won all three of their contests in the final round, won the Championship. Yorkshire, champions of 1907, beat Staffordshire by five matches to two, and thus won second place with two wins. Gloucestershire, with one win, were third; and Staffordshire, who were beaten by all the other counties in the final, fourth.



WINNERS OF THE LADIES' COUNTY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: SURREY.

From left to right in the back row are Miss Chubb, Miss L. G. Ross, Mrs. Rigby, Miss V. Ramsay, Miss Bastin. Sitting are Miss Benton, Mrs. Langton (captain), and Miss E. E. Helme.



SECOND IN THE LADIES' COUNTY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: YORKSHIRE.

From left to right in the back row are Miss M. Branson, Mrs. Travers, Miss B. Thompson, Miss Heaton, Miss Leatham. Sitting are Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Fowler (captain), and Mrs. Melrose.

Photographs by Sport and General



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The First Feminist. Even in the full flower of the nineteenth century there were women, it seems, who wanted to live their own lives, and would refuse highly advantageous matches to pursue their object of social service or of art. Such an one was Florence Nightingale. She was pretty, well born, highly placed, had a remarkable intellect as well as a high sense of humour; yet, when she arrived at thirty, she dismissed a faithful lover and took to the profession which has placed her among the Immortals. She was curiously modern in her introspective ways, this "Lady of the Lamp." Her journal might have been written by any modern heroine of a modern problem novel. She examines herself and dissects her own personality with the cool detachment of a surgeon. What made her so understanding with Humanity was the fact that she had begun by thoroughly understanding herself. Once she had made up her mind to renounce the domesticities there was never any turning back. Her great contemporary, Queen Victoria—who was certainly not in sympathy with the Feminist movement which was just beginning to rear its head—remarked of Florence Nightingale: "Such a clear head! I wish we had her at the War Office." With this sheer genius for organising and administration, she was so un-Victorian as to believe in close friendships between men and women, and her own with Lord Herbert is conclusive of her success in conducting so delicate an affair. Possibly her great charm and pretty wit added much to her amazing prestige, for she was practically bed-ridden for thirty years. Florence Nightingale became the veiled Sibyl of a sick-room, and many people thought she had passed on before she died at the age of ninety.

The Change in the English Girl.

No such startling change has taken place in recent years as that of the seemingly fixed "type" of the English girl. The type, it is true, was hardly that of the French caricaturist; the "Miss" did not always possess projecting teeth, sandy hair, and ponderous feet. But she had her idiosyncrasies, and, little more than a decade ago, you could still have spotted an English girl in a foreign crowd at long range. She had fair hair and a "Christmas Number" face; she always wore, in the street, a peculiarly austere blue serge with an uncompromising collar; her boots were sensible, but not otherwise attractive; and she affected, on most occasions, a stiff sailor-hat with a black ribbon. This was the girl of the middle and lower-middle classes, who swarmed in the streets and shops. But now we have a totally different Young Person, one whose pretty throat is bare, whose garments are sloppily loose or painfully tight, whose plain hat is crammed on at the angle affected by the Parisian *midinette*, and who pays more attention to her shoes than to any other part of her attire. Moreover, the blonde English girl has changed, of late, into a dark-haired one, and her expression is as

altered as her outline. It is probably the vogue and cheapness of the ready-made which accounts for this metamorphosis—the celerity with which Viennese and Paris fashions are thrust upon all Oxford Street. Moreover, the high popularity of musical-comedy theatres, where nightly masses of girls feed their eyes on elegant young women of the chorus, has not a little to do with the type which is prevalent to-day.

Temperate Britons. We are getting more and more a water-drinking nation. The example of this new austerity was set in high places and in the most modish society. That is why, possibly, the movement has "caught on" so rapidly, so that the barley-water of Belgravia now graces the boards of Bayswater. When a famous Continental pastry-cook set up a luncheon and tea-room in the core of the West End, he was asked how he could possibly make it pay without a license for the sale of alcohol. "In England," was the reply, "the best people do not drink wine at luncheon." And it is true. Givers of luncheon-parties find that, however much they may spend on their food, the wine-bill is infinitesimal compared with what it used to be a few years ago. And not only are women water-drinkers, but the men who are carrying on the affairs of the world rely on a tiny cup of black coffee for all stimulant until the sun sets—and sometimes after. It is an amazing revolution, and it has been carried on so quietly that few people are aware of its significance.

"How Chinese!" Only a few paltry years ago, if we wanted to bestow high praise upon anything, we used to say, "How French!" This attitude of undue admiration of everything Gallic led to the inevitable reaction, which was synthesised in Gilbert's immortal phrase about the "not too French French-bean." After that we had a Japanese craze, which led to some lamentable excesses in decoration and the importation of all the most horrible objects which modern Tokio can produce. When Mayfair could stand no more, the suburbs took it up; and Mayfair, aided by Bond Street experts, reverted to that incomparable art of China which

was in vogue in the reigns of the former Georges, and which helped to make the houses of our forebears centres of taste and art. Once more, everything which hails from Pekin has an enormous vogue, from sleeve-dogs to jade trinkets, from screens to carved Buddhas. The modish woman of the eighteenth century occupied her mornings in the hot pursuit of Nankin or cloisonné; the woman of fashion and taste to-day, if she does not collect so much priceless porcelain, is occupied in "stalking" antique screens from the Celestial Empire, and searching for embroidered coats and carved rock-amethysts with which to Orientalise her charming Western person.



SUITS (NOT OF MAIL) FROM BEAUTY'S ARMOURY: SOME EVENING FROCKS.

The gown on the left is made of white lace, draped with a tunic of blue Liberty satin. This tunic, long at the back, forms the train, which is lined with a frou-frou of lace. The central figure shows a draped gown of black charmeuse, embroidered with beads. The drapery, of white chiffon over the shoulders, ending in a tassel at the back, gives the effect of a shawl. On the right is a graceful frock of soft orange-coloured taffetas, draped under a garland of Saxe-blue roses; the encircling tunic, caught up high on one side of the skirt, is formed of ochre lace.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Order of the Bath.

If it were not chill November, I should conclude that half the smart women I meet were hurrying to bathe. There is little but shoes to be seen under a smart fur wrap, and only neck and a low collar above. The impression is of a bathing-dress concealed by rich and costly furs. The hat is, of course, not of a kind to survive a dip, yet in shape it is seldom far removed from the proportions and aspect of a bathing-cap. I met a little lady in Dover Street the other day wearing flesh-coloured shoes and stockings, a cross-over three-quarter-length skunk coat, with a peep of white frill showing inside the turned-down collar, a cap of skunk, with a tall red feather rising at one side. I asked her if she were making for the Bath Club. At first she did not rise to it; when she did, she told me, between delicious gurgles of laughter, that her husband had told her she looked as if she were escaping from a fire. "Now I know I'm right," said she. "Just the note—(mentioning a famous designer of dress) told me to strike!"



THE AMERICAN "AMBASSADRESS" AND A BRITISH PEERESS AT AN EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS: MRS WALTER HINES PAGE, THE OPENER (X) OF THE EXHIBITION, AND COUNTESS BRASSEY.

Mrs. Walter Hines Page, the wife of the United States Ambassador, opened the Exhibition of Arts and Handicrafts organised by "The Englishwoman" at the Maddox Street Galleries. Countess Brassey supported her.

Photograph by C.N.

the extremest fashion were seen at a recent race-meeting wearing hats which were first-cousins, if not twin-brothers, to our own men's much-abused, if inwardly revered, "toppers." They had, it is true, feathers leaning up against one side of what is colloquially called the "stove-pipe," and they lacked the narrow mourning-band which so many of our men assume for their sins; otherwise, they might have been abstracted from the family mansion hall-table while the real proprietors were enjoying themselves in less conventional head-gear. The hair was dressed high, *dressed*, I say—in distinction to the figures, which were draped. The effect was quite good, reminiscent of the daring beauties of the First Empire. Now that the smart women of Paris have assumed the hat of the head of the house in his most serious and conventional hours, we may look for other virile garments said by fashion experts to be well on the way. Then the vote will be of no consequence; presidents of polling-booths will not know t'other from which, and managing Suffragettes will find ways and means of keeping their menkind at home on election days.

Oh, My Eye-gret! This is the cry of the greatly distressed ladies who land in America with their pet hats on, kept purposely to make the right impression on their waiting friends and relatives. Grimy-handed Customs House officials, with hearts of stone and voices of brass, demand the chief glory of these cherished

chapeaux to be handed over in compliance with the new tariff law. Every kind of feathery, or even furry, hat-trimming is demanded by these unfeeling officials, who seem to glory in their job. One lady said that she had £200 worth in her trunk, all of which were seized; she was not a milliner—only a generous soul taking to friends presents that she knew they yearned for. Some American women of my acquaintance are so upset by this new law that they think of draping the Statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York Harbour in crape and decking her with a cap made of ospreys.

Nothing Like Leather—

If it is the best, and made into shapely and comfortable boots and shoes. A new branch of H. E. Randall, Ltd., is now established at 28, New Bond Street, where dress-loving women find much pleasure in looking over the very latest things in brocade evening shoes and in the newest and daintiest Parisian shoe-ornaments. Randall's have a world-wide reputation for the comfort and style of their boots and shoes, because they use only the very best leather and employ only the most skilled workmen. The boots and shoes have a character quite different from those of other makers, and lasts are carefully modelled to suit individual requirements, for which no extra charge is made. Golf-shoes are a specialty, a good firm hold and protection to the feet being secured. Despite the very special characteristics of the firm's footwear, they keep their prices strictly moderate.

An Offer—

Not of marriage, but of how to secure that which is next to godliness—cleanliness; and of how to secure it with benefit to the complexion! Price's Belmont Works, Battersea, S.W., will send on application and receipt of three penny stamps a box of three trial samples of their Regina specialised soaps. The Regina Nursery is recommended for women whose skin is much exposed to the sun, wind, or cold; it is super-emollient, and will be best for such women, as it proves for infants. The Original Regina is a good family soap, mild, emollient, and economical; the perfume is in special favour. Regina Medicated is the soap for women who do not get enough fresh air and sunlight. It is very good for the skin, and its antiseptic properties ward off germs.

The Hat, and What Next?

Parisian women in



THE BEGINNING AN END OF THE GUELPH-HOENZOLLERN FEUD: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK, AND OTHER ROYALTIES, WITH A BUST OF GEORGE V. OF HANOVER, WHOSE DEPOSITION CAUSED THE FEUD.

The Guelph-Hohenzollern feud, begun in 1866 by the deposition of George V. of Hanover (grandson of George III. of England) and the annexation of his kingdom by Prussia, was ended by the marriage this year of the Kaiser's daughter to Prince Ernest August of Cumberland, since placed on his ancestral throne of the Duchy of Brunswick. The Duke and Duchess of Brunswick are standing together at the back in the group, the second and third figures from the left. On the extreme left is the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and, sitting in front of him, his wife and her two children, the little Grand Dukes Frederick (born 1910) and Christian (born 1912). The other figures, reading from left to right, are the Duchess of Cumberland (seated), Prince Max of Baden (standing behind her), Prince Berthold Frederick of Baden, sitting in the middle, Princess Marie Alexandra of Baden, Princess Olga of Cumberland, behind her father, the Duke of Cumberland, and Princess Max of Baden.—[Photograph by Hof Atelier.]



THE AMERICAN WIFE OF A FAMOUS BRITISH AIRMAN: MRS. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE.

Mrs. Grahame-White married the famous airman last year. She was previously known as Miss Dorothy Taylor, and is the only daughter of Mr. Bertrand Le Roy Taylor, of 784, Fifth Avenue, and Watertown, New York.

Photograph by Bussano.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 26.

RHODESIA.

THE details of Rhodesia's long-promised land scheme are available at last. We have on several occasions pointed out that the Chartered Company's directors ought to bestir themselves and do something to encourage emigration, and we doubt whether anything would have been done even now if it had not been for the fact that the Company's charter comes up for renewal or revision next year, and also that there has been considerable outcry against the Company in Southern Rhodesia. Whether the present scheme will fulfil its objects in this direction remains to be seen.

The scheme, as it stands, is not a good one from a practical point of view, and seems unnecessarily complicated. The proposal is, roughly, to establish a Land Settlement Board, with powers of compulsory purchase and funds to advance to new settlers. The expenses of the Board will be defrayed by the imposition of a tax on undeveloped land, varying with its distance from the railway, and the Chartered Company will supply up to £250,000 for the advances. Incidentally, the same Company will pay about two-thirds of the new taxation, apparently upon a higher scale than other landholders.

Altogether, the proposals are unnecessarily cumbersome and complicated. From the shareholders' point of view, the scheme will not improve the position for many years to come, and, meanwhile, may mean a considerable burden on their shoulders. Eventually, if the scheme proves a success, the Chartered Company will benefit in many ways, and more especially by an increased demand for further areas, but meanwhile we shall hear no more of the "land boom," etc.

We had hoped for better things from Dr. Jim.

MINES.

It is a long time since we have made any reference to Mines in these columns, for the simple reason that there has been nothing to say. Even now the market is hopelessly dull, and it is only upon the issue of reports and special developments that any movements take place. The Gold Fields report was a shock to everyone, for not only was the dividend smaller than expected, but very nearly a million-and-a-half had to be written off for depreciation. Of this amount, a million was taken from the reserve fund, and the balance out of the year's profits. The dividends on the Ordinary shares only came to 2s. per share for the year, as against 3s. 6d. in the preceding twelve months, and 6s. for 1910-11. A poor statement had been expected, but nothing as bad as this, and the shares were consequently marked down.

Neither the Camp Bird nor Santa Gertrude reports were very much liked in the market. Although the dividend on the shares of the latter concern remains unaltered, net profits have signally failed to come up to expectations. Furthermore, no explanation is afforded of the serious shrinkage in both quantity and value of the ore-reserves, except that the "probable" ore was overestimated a year ago.

Considerable interest is being taken in the forthcoming Amalgamated Props. meeting. The statutory report shows that £92,668 has been received against the allotment of shares, and of this £74,000 has been expended. Several very interesting points will, we hope, be made clear at the meeting, and it should be possible to learn whether those behind the scenes are going to give the shareholders a fair chance. They have the power to do more for Rhodesian Mines than all the land schemes will ever achieve.

J. AND P. COATS.

For the fifth year in succession, the directors of this Company declare a distribution at the rate of 35 per cent. Why the shares should have declined on the published statement we do not know, although, of course, they do not offer a very high return at their present quotation.

The net earnings for the past year amounted to £2,903,200, an increase of £109,200. £500,000 is again transferred to reserve, bringing the total reserves up to nearly £9,000,000, or double the amount of Ordinary capital outstanding.

The financial position of the Company is so strong that it is a little difficult to see why the directors consider it necessary to continue to pile up such immense reserves. From time to time rumours are current of a scheme to capitalise this huge sum, but nothing has yet been done. Presumably, the shareholders will one day get a slice of this melon, and this undoubtedly accounts for the comparatively high price at which the shares stand. The directors, however, are in no hurry.

ATCHISON CONVERTIBLE BONDS.

We have several times drawn attention to the attraction possessed by some of the American Railway Convertible Bonds, and the recently issued report of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway should enhance the value of that Company's 4 per cent. Convertible Gold Bonds of 1910. The Bonds—of 1000 dollars each—

mature in 1960, but they may be converted at any time prior to June 1923, at the option of holders, into Common shares of an equal value. The railway is one of the finest and best-managed in the United States, operating as it does over 10,000 miles of line which have been kept in very excellent repair.

The Common shares, upon which a 6 per cent. dividend has been paid for some years with an ample margin, are now quoted at 94½ ex dividend, owing to the general depression, but they have been as high as 110½ during the current year, while 106 was the lowest price touched during 1912. It will thus be seen that the conversion rights have distinct possibilities, although not just at the moment. The Convertible Bonds, meanwhile, can be purchased at par, and are a well-secured investment.

AMERICAN MARCONIS.

By the time these notes appear the official announcement of the Stock Exchange Committee's decision in the American Marconi affair will be known. It is generally believed that some pretty heavy sentences will be passed, and, honestly, we do not feel much surprise.

On the other hand, there have been one or two affairs of late, especially in the Mining Market, which were equally unsavoury, although on a smaller scale; and, as the culprits went scot-free, we expect those concerned in the present business will feel rather hardly treated.

But it was quite time something was done. The introduction of shares, without a prospectus, is liable to the grossest abuse. The dice are loaded against the ordinary speculator by the distribution of calls, and, in nine cases out of ten, he hasn't got the ghost of a chance of making money.

The public lost a tremendous amount of money over American Marconis, and the punishment of those responsible will not get it back; but it will do something, at all events, to restore confidence in Stock Exchange methods. If, in addition, the present inquiry leads to more stringent regulations and supervision of all shares dealt in on the market, it will indeed be a very great boon to the ordinary public, and will also, we know, meet with the full support of the bulk of both brokers and jobbers.

It's a nasty reply to the whitewashers—but "no politics."

RANDOM NOTES.

Guayaquil Bonds are slightly easier, in spite of a further remittance, which brings the amount received up to over £48,000, against the £56,000 required to meet the next coupon. We have seen it suggested that Ecuador is paying up so well only because a new loan is required. Quite so; but that has been recognised for a long time, and is a bull, not a bear, point. If there is a new loan, present Bondholders would, in all probability, receive their arrears in cash!

We understand that part of the new Roumanian issue will be offered in London before very long. The loan is said to be one of £10,000,000; but, of course, the largest part will be offered on the Continent. The Bonds will probably be 4½ per cents, and the issue price about 91.

The figures of the quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation did not make a good showing. Not only did the earnings fall off when compared with those of the previous quarter, but the total of unfilled orders at the end of September showed a drop of 803,000 tons since the end of June, and of no less than 1,548,000 tons from the figures of a year ago. Add to this the uncertainty as to the result of the tariff changes, and it seems certain that Steels are bound for lower levels.

Manaos Improvements, Ltd., is in a bad way. The financial position is very weak, there being only £2500 in the Company's coffers, and the £19,000 due from sundry debtors in London and Manaos is a very doubtful asset. Even if representations through our Foreign Office lead to something being recovered for the Debenture-holders, we fear there is precious little hope of the shareholders getting anything.

As we prophesied in the middle of last month, the North Caucasian output has increased enormously. For the week ending Oct. 28 the figure was 4782 tons, and for the week ending Nov. 4 no less than 5902 tons were produced.

The exact amount of the new French Loan is not known yet, but we believe it will amount to something between fifty and sixty millions sterling. The interest and sinking fund will be secured on the new succession duty. The Paris banks will be very glad to see this out of the way, as they then hope to be able to unload some of their Balkan paper.

We have for a long time past expressed great doubt as to the soundness of Japanese finance, and it now seems that many of the Japanese themselves are of the same way of thinking. The revenue figures looked well, but Reuter's Agency has sent a long and gloomy cable from Tokyo embodying the main points of the critics'

[Continued on page xii.]

COVERT SHOOTING: A CRITICISM.

THE shooting man is now entering upon the brief period of incessant and laborious activity for which he lives and in which he takes delight, and I find myself wondering how far he may rightly be regarded as a sportsman. Just as some of the men we know live for the hunting season, and others, still more adventurous spirits, live for steeplechasing, so the shooting-man of the type I have in mind lives for what is about an eight-weeks' season, starting in mid-November and ending some time in January. Within these time-limits he is content to shoot three or four days a week, to burn thousands of cartridges, to kill, perhaps, with sixty per cent. of these, and to find no tedium in procedure that to some of us becomes monotonous by the afternoon of the first day.

Sport is so wantonly and so ignorantly decried nowadays that one hesitates to point out any of its shortcomings, and yet it must be confessed that very little of the pheasant-shooting that is now being carried out all over England can be regarded seriously as sport. On the great majority of places, pheasant-shooting is carried on in an old-fashioned and barbarous manner, the birds being driven out of their home woods over the waiting guns, and, for the most part, being shot before they have reached great height or strong flight. On a few great estates, as well as on some small ones whose owners contrive to keep their own shooting in spite of bad times, the first and last question is one of sport, and the size of the bag is not considered. Skilled advantage is taken of the pheasant's anxiety to run rather than to fly, and the birds driven on their feet to a considerable distance from the home woods are returned, flying high and gliding down with outstretched, motionless wings, over two, or even three, lines of guns. Doubtless, if the landlords of a past generation had been with us yet, if there had been no agricultural depression to thin their ranks, and no influx of wealthy City men anxious to hire their shooting and dispense with woodcraft, the best sporting traditions would have persisted, and there would, in all probability, have been more wild birds to leaven the stock of hand-reared ones. But it is impossible to deny that pheasant-shooting, as practised throughout the greater part of England to-day, is not sport, although it demands considerable skill and a certain amount of endurance; it is little more than a carnival of slaughter on the largest possible scale. The keen old sportsmen who have shot their tigers in Bengal, their pheasants in Western China, or big game in Africa, are often

heard to deplore the inability of so many of the younger generation to distinguish between killing and sport; and I have met in the past few years some men who deliberately refuse to join in the attack on coverts where the system in vogue provides a maximum of killing and a minimum of excitement.

It must be confessed that the fault is not altogether with the gamekeeper or his master. The hand-reared pheasant has very little of the courage or the cunning of his wild cousin, and it frequently happens that the few adventurous birds stray away from the wood and are shot before covert-shooting opens in earnest, while the great bulk of their companions, lazy, unenterprising and quite content to be fed without any effort on their own part to look for food, are too startled and too frightened when woods are being driven, and the guns are talking, to make any serious effort on their own behalf. I cannot help thinking, too, that what we witness so frequently at covert-side is often the survival of the unfittest. The best of the crowd of second-raters left in the wood are those that fly high and give the sporting shot. The worst are those that fly low, sometimes not twenty feet from the ground, and are consequently left alone. If they will only continue to fly low whenever they are driven past the guns they are quite safe. They can live until the close time begins again, and they are then at liberty to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the egg supplies that the keeper and his assistants are collecting for the domestic hens in the spring. It is only if their nests escape the keen eyes that are searching for them—and how few do!—that a brood may be born to look after itself. Only a small proportion will survive, for the hen-pheasant shares with the gray hen the doubtful honour of being the worst mother in bird-land. But those that come through the ordeal of childhood—or should one say, chickhood?—quite safely will develop some of the characteristics of a wild bird. It is interesting in this connection to remember that the guinea-fowl, which is closely related to the pheasant family, can be taken from the farmyard, turned down into covert, and become quite a wild bird in the course of a generation or two. Many owners of ground not well suited for pheasants have tried guinea-fowl—though I have had no actual experience of the results, I am told they are quite satisfactory. Our modern system of domesticating birds that are intended to provide sport has almost as many drawbacks as advantages. The only thing to be said for it is that it provides the great public that eats but does not shoot with a large amount of food at something less than half the cost. And this in these years of inflated prices is something for which to be grateful.

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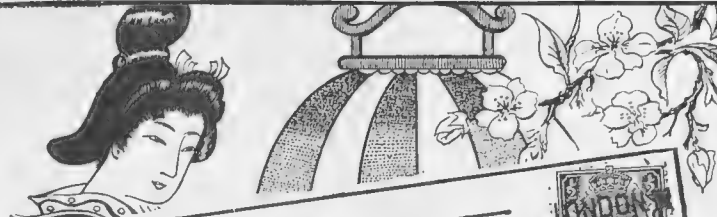
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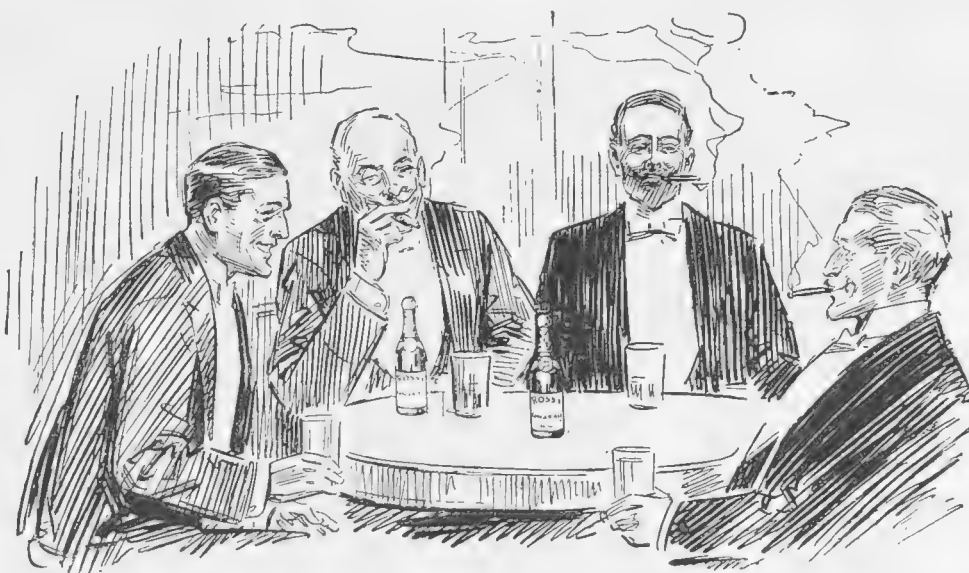
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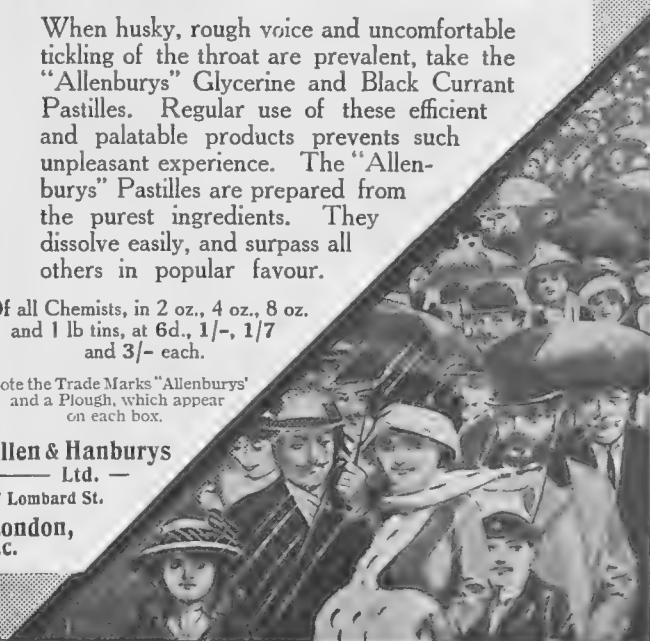
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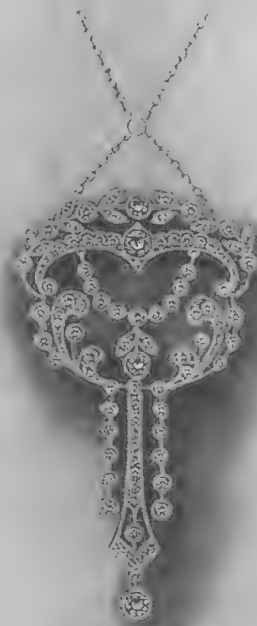
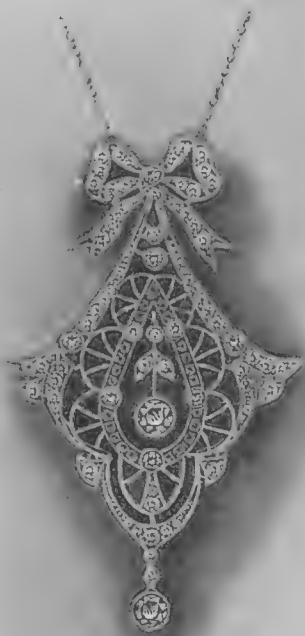
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SHOULD WE DANCE THE TANGO?

Should we—or should we not—dance the Tango? is a question that has been agitating the minds of the clergy, the Press, and the public in this country and in America for the past six months. The dance has been, in turn, denounced as improper, applauded as picturesque, condemned as vulgar, and recommended as “good exercise.” The fact is that the “Tango,” like every other modern dance, depends largely for its propriety and gracefulness—or the reverse—upon the dancer and the spirit in which the steps are interpreted.

The point which is of far more importance than the “Tango” controversy to the girl who loves dancing, is how to enjoy it and at the same time avoid the unbecoming flush and greasiness of the skin which so frequently follow as the penalties of this delightful pastime. Many a girl who revels in the poetry of motion dreads the ball-room because of this apparently inevitable result. “I wish I could dance without getting a greasy nose,” said a pretty debutante recently, and she was overjoyed when she learned that it is quite possible to avoid this catastrophe.

Excessive redness, and an oily appearance of the skin, especially of the nose, after the least physical exertion, are manifestations which are largely due to a relaxed condition of the pores. Some women have found out the secret of preserving the beauty of their complexions and retaining the whiteness and sheen of the skin even throughout the longest ball-programme. That secret is **Cyclax**! Mrs. Hemming, the talented and now world-famous discoverer of **Cyclax** preparations, long ago recognised that the “ball-room” flush was a real grievance for Society women, and set herself to invent a special preparation which should overcome this tendency. The result was the production of **Cyclax Transforming Lotion**. This exquisite lotion immediately imparts to the skin a beautiful transparent whiteness, and is especially designed as a protective agent against the effects of a heated atmosphere. It closes the

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The Tango.

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When wearing evening dress, it is particularly important that the neck should be perfectly white. Discolourations due to sunburn, wearing high collars, the dye of furs, etc., mar the beauty of the neck, and are often difficult to remove. In such case **Cyclax Clenzene** comes to the rescue in a remarkable manner. It quickly removes obstinate discolourations and whitens and improves the skin without injuring it in any way.

Those who are anticipating a brilliant London Season, and the inevitable round of dances, balls, theatre parties, dinners, and other social functions which it brings in its train, should not forget that “prevention is better than cure.” A course of Mrs. Hemming's treatment is advisable for the preservation of the complexion during the whirl of gaiety, late hours, and much fatigue which a season in town demands. Mrs. Hemming has an expert staff of ladies, carefully trained under her personal supervision, who carry out all her treatments, and she has lately established a special staff of visiting experts who hold themselves in readiness to attend at private houses on receipt of wire or 'phone messages. All the celebrated **Cyclax** preparations, including the indispensable **Cyclax Skin Food**, are used in these treatments, and full particulars of these wonderful specialities, together with useful hints on the care of the skin and complexion, are given in the latest edition of Mrs. Hemming's toilet hand-book, “*The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty*,” which will be sent post free on application to the **Cyclax Company**, 58, South Molton Street, London, W.

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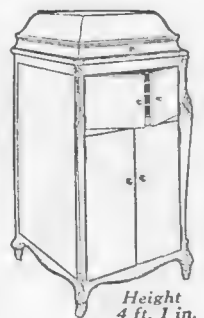
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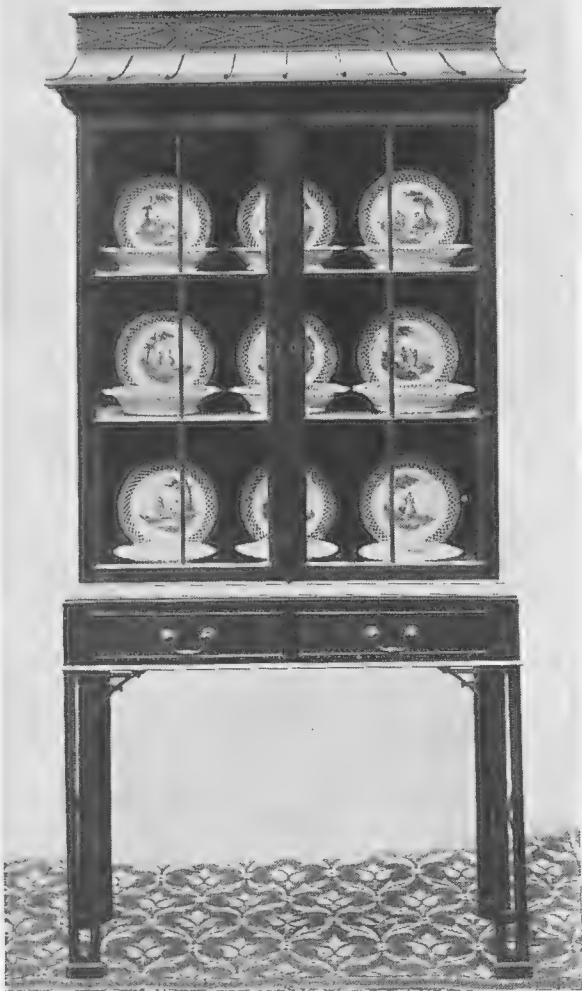
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× 5 Magnification = 25 times super.

A best quality Four Guinea Binocular for post 42/- free.

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Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 43 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

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The sweetest perfume that ever stole upon the wearied senses—soothing, refreshing, a source of unwearying delight. Omar Khayyam is unique in type, and its inspiring influence can only be likened to that of a fragrant summer breeze. The perfume of refreshingly original character.

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2/9, 5/-, 11/6, 21/- in dainty box.

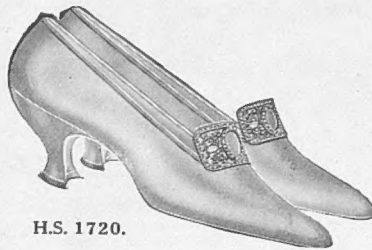
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Buckles are extra.

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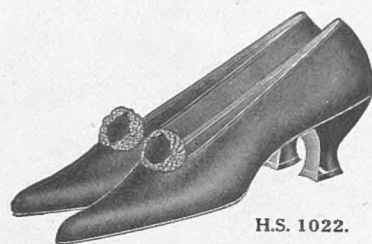
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Also same style, but with Louis heel, in Black Glacé and Black or Grey Suède.

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Every drop of John Jameson's Whiskey has ripened and grown mellow in the cask before it is bottled. The slow years have brought to perfection that marvellous bouquet which distinguishes the finest whiskey in the world.

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Handkerchiefs by Post. We ensure the same satisfaction as when a personal visit is paid, for as Manufacturers we strive to give the utmost value. Kindly quote number.

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Patterns on application.

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With Collar Stiffener .. 3/6 each.

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Knitted String .. 2/-
(for wet weather).

Richard Sands & Co.,
187A, 188A, 189A, SLOANE STREET,
LONDON, S.W.

Continued from page 187.

arguments. We are glad to see that the facts are becoming more generally recognised, but in the meantime we see no attraction in that country's securities.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"That's all very well," remarked the clerk in a grievous tone, "but I put some of my friends in on your advice—"

"Which advice I backed with my own hard-earned shekels," replied the still-more-senior partner, "and I still say that Niger shares are perfectly sound; but there seems to be a tap on them for the moment—"

"Don't tell me it's a deceased account—that's such an old, old story."

"I wasn't going to suggest anything of the kind. I don't know why or wherefore, but it does look as though the shares may go lower."

"There's going to be a new issue shortly, isn't there?" asked Harry, who is always keen on anything Nigerian.

"I don't know where you learn it all," replied the still-more-senior partner, "but you are quite correct. I suppose they've got such a lot of money locked up in subsidiaries and stores and advances that they can't help it. Anyhow, it will probably mean a bonus to present shareholders, and so I should consider it rather a bull point."

"I had rather an interesting letter," interrupted the clerk, "about Breweries—"

"The most interesting thing about Breweries—"

"Is beer," the clerk continued; "but we are not all blessed with the thirst of Tantalus, and this is what my friend writes: 'I have just bought, on very excellent advice, Benskin's (Watford) £5 Cumulative Prefs. at 2, which carry arrears of 25s., and of this, I understand, a part will be forthcoming in a week or so, as the Company's books are now closed. As much as 5s. is expected, and it takes just over £15,000 to pay a full year's dividend. My mentor tells me the shares are good for three very soon.'"

"Sounds all right," said Harry; "but it's a bit of a gamble, and the shares are two to an eighth."

"There's a lot of talk about the City of London Brewery and Hoare's," remarked the senior partner; "I don't know if there's anything in it."

"I believe it'll come off this time," said the clerk. "Lord St. Davids is interested through one of the Trust Companies, and he'll get it through, if anyone can."

"If it comes off, they'll be able to sell their City Brewery," said

the senior partner, "and there ought to be a rise in the Ordinary."

"There's many a slip 'twixt the mug and the lip," remarked Harry, "so don't be too rash, will you?"

"Fancy Harry preaching caution!" laughed the clerk. "I always thought he was the bold, bad, dashing—"

"I do wish you people and your Breweries would dry up," interrupted the Rubber expert, who had been thoroughly bored with the conversation. "By the way, I heard rather a good yarn at the club last night." He put on his hat. "Have any of you heard the story of the Scotchman who overpaid the taxi-driver?"

A chorus of "No's."

"And it's very unlikely that you ever will!"

It was a wonder that he escaped with his life, and the affair effectually turned the conversation from financial matters.

Saturday, Nov. 8, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month

BEWILDERED.—(1) We prefer (b) and consider it quite hopeful. (2) No; we are inclined to think that trade in this direction is declining. (3) You ask for too high a return. We suggest J. Sears and Co. Preference, Argentine National Mortgage Bank Cédulas, or Arauco Second Debentures.

VERSOM.—Many thanks for your letter, which we use. We are making some more inquiries.

S. O. M. T.—We have answered you by post.

SMALL-HOLDER.—We fear you will need a lot of patience before there is any marked recovery in the shares you mention, but you have such a heavy loss that we think you had better hold on.

F. N.—(1) and (2) should be sold. (3) Perfectly sound.

The Franco-British Aviation Company, Ltd., has a capital of £65,000, divided into shares of £1 each, and of these 32,500 are being offered to the public at par. The Company has been formed to acquire the business of M. Henri Lévêque, that of the Société Anonyme des Anciens Chantiers Telier, and various patents and licenses, all connected with the manufacture and sale of hydro-aeroplanes. The estimates of profits are based upon results achieved in fourteen months by M. Henri Lévêque and upon the opinion of M. André Beaumont, whose name is best known in this country as the winner of the *Daily Mail* race round Great Britain. Further particulars will be found in the prospectus, which is advertised elsewhere in this issue.

A Prospectus has been duly filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states amongst other things that:—
The Subscription List will open on MONDAY, the 10th day of November, 1913, and close on or before WEDNESDAY, the 12th day of November, 1913.

The Franco-British Aviation Company, Limited.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 and 1913.)

The Company has been formed for the exploitation of the valuable Lévêque and Artois Hydro-Aeroplanes.

CAPITAL - - £65,000

Divided into 65,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

Issue of 32,500 Ordinary Shares of £1 each,

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS:

**2s. 6d. on Application; 7s. 6d. on Allotment;
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REGINALD MORTIMER, Esq., 46, St. George's Court, Gloucester Road, S.W., *Chairman* (Director of White, Tomkins and Courage, Limited).

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ENGINEER-CAPTAIN A. R. ROLLE, R.N., 18, Rugby Mansions, Addison Road, Kensington, W.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. J. DE SALIS, 10, Magdalen Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

MANAGERS: ANDRÉ BEAUMONT, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Aviateur, 89, Rue de la Pompe, Paris (Technical Manager); LOUIS SCHRECK, Aviateur, Vernon (Eure) (General Manager).

SOLICITOR: WILLIAM T. HICK, Broad Street House, London, E.C.

BANKERS: LONDON COUNTY & WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED, London and Branches.

BROKER: NORMAN G. F. SNELLING, 8, Drapers Gardens, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

AUDITORS: CHANTREY, CHANTREY & CO., 61-62, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES: J. MINUTO, Whitehall House, 29-30, Charing Cross, S.W.

This Company has been formed to acquire as a going concern:—

1. The business carried on by M. HENRI LÉVÊQUE at Bezons, near Paris, on the banks of the Seine, together with certain Patents in connection with the manufacture of Hydro-Aeroplanes.

2. The business of the SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME DES ANCIENS CHANTIERS TELLIER (Hydro-Aeroplanes de l'Artois) recently carried on at St. Omer, Pas de Calais, and purchased by M. A. TAILLIEZ from the Liquidator.

3. An exclusive licence for the construction and sale in France of the Curtiss Flying Boats, with the right to sell same in all parts of the world, except England, Russia, Italy, and the United States of America.

During the first 14 months of the commercial existence of the firm of M. Lévêque 14 Flying Boats were sold and delivered, leaving a net profit of £4,941 6s. 6d.

M. A. Beaumont in a letter addressed to the Directors of the A. T. Hydroplane Syndicate, states that, in his opinion, the Flying Boat is the best type of Machine for naval warfare. He says:—

"I am of opinion that there is a great future for a Company formed to manufacture this class of Machine. As a minimum estimate, I consider the Company should make a profit of from £8000 to £12,000 on the sale of only 30 Flying Boats."

"In addition there would be the profits on the manufacture of Aeroplanes, Hydroplanes, Monoplanes, etc., which should be as large, if not larger than £12,000."

M. Beaumont is not only a brilliant Aviator, but has also a practical knowledge of the manufacturing business. His estimate of profits should insure a large dividend to the Company.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus and sent to the Company's Bankers, with the amount payable on application. Copies of the Full Prospectus and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers and Solicitor, and at the Offices of the Company.

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**LIFE ASSURANCE.
HOUSE PURCHASE.**

£1,500,000

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ELEY CARTRIDGES

For
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THE
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'NEPTUNE'**

(12-bore)

is a splendid choice. It is loaded in our famous PEGAMOID Case with a specially selected ELEY (42 gr.) Smokeless Powder.

Best quality and absolutely Waterproof.

Price 11/- 100.

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Ask your Gunmaker for these and other ELEY Cartridges.

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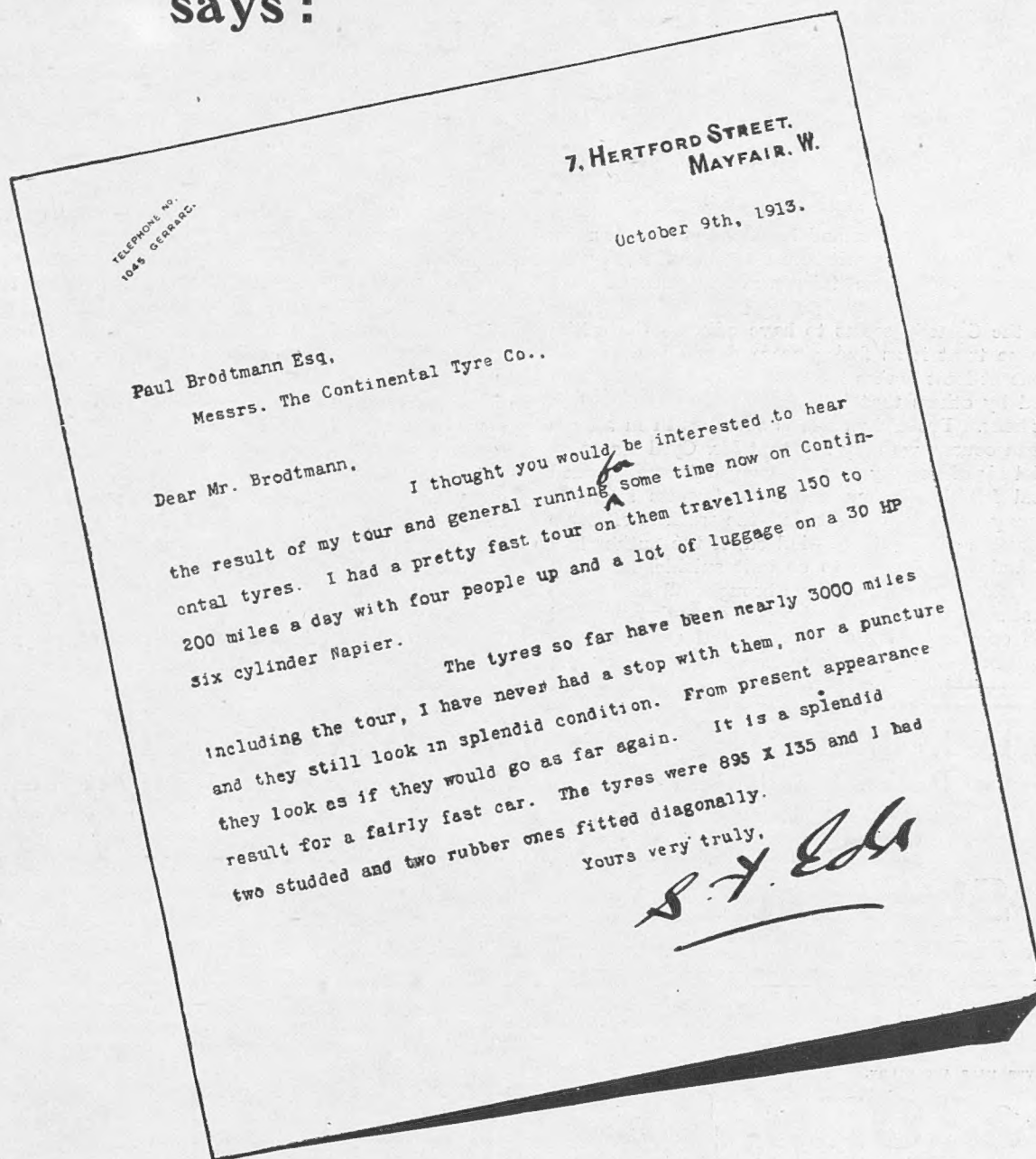


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Mr. S. F. Edge

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Continental Oversizes

The **First** and **Original** Oversizes
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OLYMPIA SHOW, Stand 205.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"ARE YOU THERE?" was the question asked by the title of the new play at the Prince of Wales's, which some of the audience answered very energetically with "boos" and other unflattering noises. If the heads and eyes and ears of the booers ached as much as mine did at the end of the show, their conduct is not surprising. The piece seems to me quite a record for noise and gaudiness. The name of Leoncavallo as musician will be a draw, and certainly the famous Italian has composed a pretty waltz of which we heard rather too much, and some other agreeable numbers; but a great part of his music sounded as if it had been written by an American revue composer, and is the sort of stuff with which we have been deluged lately. From the programme and prodigious advance paragraphing, it is to be gathered that Mr. Ned Wayburn, the producer, is the most important person connected with the affair. Certainly the book does not amount to a row of pins. Mr. Wayburn seems to attain his novelties mainly by doing the things on a bigger scale than they have ever been done before, and I have never seen a stage so crowded in my life. Its colour-schemes are crude, gorgeous, and mid-Victorian. Most of the newcomers are strangers, and it cannot be said of all of them that their first appearance here has given London anything remarkably arresting. However, Miss Shirley Kellogg's powerful voice and energy won a great deal of applause for her, and Mr. Lawrence Grossmith worked very hard at making bricks without clay; and there were one or two others who showed some talent, notably Mr. Lawford Davidson.

The new play at the Comedy seems to have affected the critics very differently. Some treat it as fine, sincere drama with a conventional ending; one at least makes fun of it as melodrama; and the view is expressed by others that it is old-fashioned in scheme, but modern in treatment. Probably there is some truth in all the views. Taking a mean course, we may say that Mr. Cyril Harcourt has given a superficial air of novelty to a hackneyed theme, worked out by old theatrical friends of ours manoeuvred quite skilfully. Some of the critics may think little of it, but the work is effective throughout, and interested the audience—indeed, if the author had been a little bolder and caused Rose to commit suicide, he could have wound up in a fashion that would have brought all London to see the play. As it stands, the simplest playgoer of to-day will feel that it is rather too conventional. Quite a capital company has been engaged. Mr. Robert Loraine, very welcome back to London,

played the hero admirably, with a great deal of "lift." Miss Ellen O'Malley handles the deceived maiden pathetically and with much judgment. Miss Jean Cavendish, a newcomer, charmed the house; and there was excellent work by Mr. Reginald Owen and Mr. Lyston Lyle.

It was a pity that "The Pursuit of Pamela" was not cut a little before the first night. The British public, and the critics also, strongly object to long plays unless they have a lot of plot and action. Now in Mr. Fernald's play the plot is slight, and, for obvious artistic purposes, there is a good deal of repetition with slight variations; wherefore it was most important that it should run quickly—and it did not. There is about ten per cent. too much dialogue in each act, which doubtless by now will have disappeared, leaving a clever, amusing, original comedy with quite a surprising amount of novelty—not merely novelty in the author causing his piece to rampage all over the world (thereby offering us some quite charming pictures), but also in its study of an innocent "Zuleika" and a modern Joseph, handled delicately and with humour. There may be people who fail to believe that the young man could—or, perhaps, should—resist, and are inclined to look upon it as much ado about nothing; but the play is too finely written for this to be a reasonable view. Is it entertaining? That, of course, is the fundamental question—at least, as far as these notes are concerned—and the answer is an unhesitating "Yes." Simply amusing in the first two acts, dramatic in the third, and cleverly pathetic and sentimental during the fourth; and if there are dull moments, they certainly are handsomely counterbalanced. Moreover, there is a fine performance. Miss Gladys Cooper wins quite a triumph by delightful acting; Mr. Dennis Eadie plays very ably as the hero. There are some fascinating Japanese players, and excellent work is done by Miss Eve Balfour and Messrs. Eric Lewis and George Tully.

When it is considered that Mr. Laurence Cowen is not a Welshman, it is remarkable how Welsh he has succeeded in being in his new comedy, "The Joneses," at the Strand. He has studied Wales very carefully, and the trouble is that he has been tempted to put in too much of what he has seen and heard. A neat little plot is padded out with a great quantity of Welsh humour which is rather dragged in for its own sake; but any deficiencies in the play as a study of life are atoned for by most admirable native acting, which creates a really Welsh atmosphere, is often entertaining, and is at times delightful. Miss Eleanor Daniels, Mr. Tom Owen, and Mr. Cadwalader Jones may be particularly mentioned; and Mr. Harcourt Williams, as the one Englishman present, plays a part reminiscent of Dickens with great skill.



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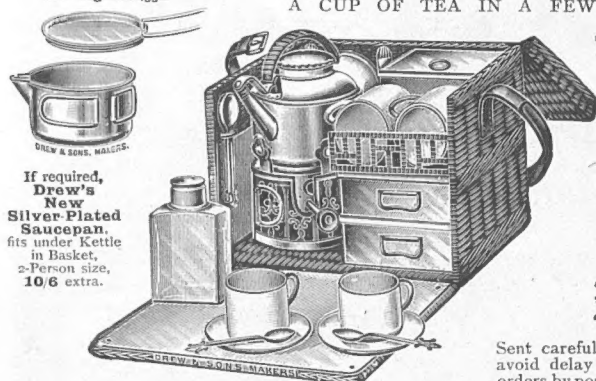
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